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THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

(Concluded from the preceding number.)

WE left the reader at the entrance of the Haunted Chambers,—a distance of barely half a mile from the mouth of the cave ; and we have still seven or eight miles of wonders before us. To describe these in detail would be an endless undertaking, and, to our readers, a dull and unprofitable one,—as no description, however minute, could possibly convey accurate ideas of them. In fact, an extended description of a cave would, in any case, prove wearisome. The components—the elements of caves are few and simple ;—rocks, stalactites, pools, pits, and darkness make up all their variety ; and however interestingly, and even variously, these may be combined to the eye of an actual spectator, the descriptions of them must consist of repetitions of the same words,—of changes rung over and over again upon the same ideas. Our aim is, therefore, not so much to describe the Mammoth Cave in detail, as to present a general idea of it, pausing to dwell, here and there, upon features that are most important and interesting, and upon the impressions produced by them on the visiter's mind.

But let us, before resuming our explorations, say a word of the atmosphere of the cave ; which, having been, at the entrance, pronounced so *icy*, it may be feared still retains its hyperborean character. It is icy, however, as we soon discover, only by contrast. The transition from an atmosphere of 90 or 95 degrees into one of about 55 or 60, may well make us shiver for a moment. The average temperature of the Mammoth Cave is about 58 degrees Fahr. In summer it rises a few degrees higher, and in winter sinks as many below. It is, therefore, always temperate. Its purity, judg-

ing from its effects upon the lungs, and from other circumstances, is remarkable ; and it is suspected by some of the knowing to contain a slight excess of oxygen,—a circumstance not incredible, when we consider the process of nitrification continually going on. But be its composition what it may, it is certain that its effects upon the spirits and bodily powers of visitors are extremely exhilarating ; and that it is not less salubrious than enlivening. The nitre-diggers were a famously healthy set of men : it was a common and humane practice to employ labourers of enfeebled constitutions, who were soon restored to health and strength, though kept at constant labour ; and more joyous, merry fellows were never seen. The oxen, of which several were kept, day and night, in the cave hauling the nitrous earth, were, after a month or two of toil, in as fine condition for the shambles as if fattened in the stall. The ordinary visitor, though rambling a dozen hours or more over paths of the roughest and most difficult kinds, is seldom conscious of fatigue until he returns to the upper air ; and then it seems to him, at least in the summer season, that he has exchanged the atmosphere of paradise for that of a charnel warmed by steam, all without is so heavy, so dank, so dead, so mephitic. Awe, and even apprehension, if that has been felt, soon yield to the influence of the delicious air of the cave ; and, after a time, a certain jocund feeling is found mingled with the deepest impressions of sublimity, which there are so many objects to awake. We recommend all broken-hearted lovers and dyspeptic dandies to carry their complaints to the Mammoth Cave, where they will undoubtedly find themselves “translated” into very buxom and happy fellows before they are aware of it.

In the Grand Gallery, opposite the entrance of the Haunted Chambers, are, as was previously mentioned, the ruins of the old nitre-works,—leaching-vats, pump frames, and lines of wooden pipes. Of the last there are two different ranges, one of which was formerly used for bringing fresh water from the dripping-spring to the vats ; the other for forcing it, when saturated with the salt, back to the furnaces at the mouth of the cave. These pipes, now mouldering with dry-rot, serve at present no other purpose than to amuse visitors ; they are acoustical telegraphs, through which the adventurer who has penetrated so far, can transmit to his more timid friend at the entrance an assurance that he is yet in safety. A whisper bears the intelligence : even a sigh, breathed into the tube, falls as distinctly on the ear half a mile off as if the friend who breathed it were reclining at the listener’s elbow.

At this place the roof of the Grand Gallery, perhaps thirty or thirty-five feet high, suddenly rises to about the height of fifty, which it however preserves for a distance of only fifty or sixty feet,

when it again sinks to its former level. This break thus made in the ceiling, forms a part of the continuous line of the Haunted Chambers, which may be considered as an independent cave, running at right angles with the Mammoth, and *above* it; although, dipping downward as it crosses from right to left, it has broken through into the latter. It can be entered only on the right hand, where it opens in the wall, fifteen or more feet from the floor; a wide and lofty passage, cumbered with rocks, the chief of which is the Tower Rock,—a massive block that looks, when viewed from below, the guide perched, flambeau in hand, on the top, like some old Saxon strong-hold not yet in ruins. You see this cave continued also on the left hand, where is a gap in the wall still wider and higher, but choked up by an immense mound of coarse sand and gravel, impacted and hardened by time, which has entirely obliterated the passage. Curiosity has not yet attempted to dig a path through this barrier, heaped up by some mighty flood of old days; though a few hours' labour might perhaps disclose a new batch of wonders and mysteries. Clambering up the huge sand-heap, till you reach what from below seemed the ceiling, you perceive on one hand a broad cornice-work like that seen in the Vestibule, which runs from the choked-up passage clear across the Grand Gallery, until it is lost in the entrance of the Haunted Chambers opposite. Surveying this cornice-work more closely, you find that it consists of a broad horizontal plate of rock, forming a gallery, or bridge, by which you may walk across the Grand Gallery, immediately under its roof, into the Haunted Chambers, landing on the top of the Tower Rock. But it is an *Al-Sirat*,—a bridge for disembodied spirits rather than mortals of flesh and bone, to traverse. It has an ugly inclination, or dip downwards, and looks as if expressly contrived for dropping ambitious personages into the horrible profound below. Shall *we* enter the Haunted Chambers by this highway of the dauntless—the bridge gallery, so narrow, so treacherous, so dizzy? Not if we were as solidipous as an elephant; not if we had air-pumps to our feet, like lizards and house-flies. The broad ladder laid against the wall, rickety and somewhat rungless though it be, and leading humbly, a lubber-way, to the foot of the Tower, is more to our own taste. It is but six or seven well-stretched steps from rung to rung, and we are in the Haunted Chambers, whose name itself fills us with expectant awe.

Our guide leaves us to admire alone the gulf-like abyss of the Grand Gallery, now under our feet; he has stolen away in advance, and his steps are no longer heard clattering along the rocky path. But hark! what sound is that, like the deep bell of a cathedral, or the gong of a theatre, booming in the distance, peal after peal, clang

after clang, so solemn, so wild, so strange? A walk, with a few stumbles and tumbles—we have not yet our cave-legs (there are cave-legs as well as cave-eyes) reveals the mystery; and we discover our conductor standing under a pendent stalactite, thumping it with enthusiasm and a big stone, and filling the surrounding vaults with the clangour of his flinty drum. This is one of the many bells (so called) which the Mammoth Cave, in common with most other caves, possesses.

We have reached, then, the abode of stalactites? Ay, here they are, pillars old and dry (for the oozing springs that formed them have long since vanished), venerable and majestic columns, once perhaps white and ghastly, like so many giants in winding-sheets, but now black, withered, and mummy-like, begrimed with smoke, that has been fastening around them for many generations. Here we see them in groves, looking like the trunks of an old forest at midnight, the rough concretions on the low roof seeming not unlike the umbrage of thick-matted boughs; there they appear singly, or in cosy family groups—Niobe and her children, Dian and her nymphs, or any such mythologic party—that Nature, like an idle sculptor, began a thousand years ago, to hew out of stone, without, however, hewing enough to enable us to guess what might have been her real intentions.

The name of the Haunted Chambers, however poetical it may be, is incorrect, inasmuch as it conveys the idea of a series of different chambers; whereas this branch of the cave consists of but a single passage, fifty or sixty feet wide and half a mile long, leading to a lower branch, which is of equal extent, though of inferior width. The whole length of the Haunted Chambers is, therefore, one mile. The upper branch is chiefly remarkable on account of its stalactites; at the foot of one of which—the Arm-chair, as it is called, from having a very royal seat hollowed in its side—is a little basin or pool of stone, that once received a drip of water strongly charged with sulphur, from the roof above. It is now dry, the spring having gradually sealed up the crack through which it formerly flowed. Another remarkable feature of this branch is seen in its ceiling, which, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the stalactitic formations, where it is studded over with concretions of all imaginable shapes, is surprisingly flat and smooth, and in some places white, looking as if it had been actually finished off by the plasterer. This is particularly observable in a place called the Register Room, where, the roof being low enough for the purpose, visitors frequently trace their names with the smoke of a candle; and many hundreds of such records of vanity are already to be seen deforming the ceiling. Its smoothness is owing to an incrustation or deposit of calcareous

matter on the surface of the rock ; though how it could ever be deposited so regularly may well be wondered.

Within two hundred yards of the termination of this Upper Branch of the Haunted Chambers, the visiter finds himself suddenly plunging down a steep of loose red sand, poetically entitled the Lover's Leap, into a hollow ; at the bottom of which, in the left hand wall, is a very narrow but lofty fissure, the Devil's Elbow, winding through the wall and leading into the Lower Branch ; where, under the roots of the stalactites that pillar the branch above, he may spend an hour or two among domes, pits, and sounding springs that come spouting or showering down from the roof, with the name, if not the grandeur and beauty, of waterfalls. The Great Dome—or Bonaparte's grand Dome as the guide delighted to call it—is a lofty excavation, in figure of a truncated cone, in the solid roof, from which a prodigious mass of rocks must have fallen to make it. These rocks are, however, no where to be seen ; the floor is flat and solid below. They must have been swept away by some raging flood ; or, it may be, that there was formerly, below the dome, a pit, into which they fell, the pit being thus filled up, and its entrance gradually obliterated by incrustation.

The Haunted Chambers are said to owe their name to an adventure that befel one of the miners in former days, which is thus related.—In the Lower Branch is a room called the Salts Room, which produces considerable quantities of the Sulphate of Magnesia, or of Soda, we forget which—a mineral that the proprietor of the cave did not fail to turn to account. The miner in question was a new and raw hand—of course neither very well acquainted with the cave itself, nor with the approved modes of averting or repairing accidents, to which, from the nature of their occupation, the miners were greatly exposed. Having been sent, one day, in charge of an older workman, to the Salts Room to dig a few sacks of the salt, and finding that the path to this sequestered nook was perfectly plain, and that, from the Haunted Chambers being a single, continuous passage, without branches, it was impossible to wander from it, our hero disdained, on his second visit, to seek or accept assistance, and trudged off to his work alone. The circumstance being common enough, he was speedily forgotten by his brother miners ; and it was not until several hours after, when they all left off their toil for the more agreeable duty of eating their dinner, that his absence was remarked, and his heroic resolution to make his way alone to the Salts Room remembered. As it was apparent, from the time he had been gone, that some accident must have happened him, half a dozen men, the most of them negroes, stripped half naked, their usual working costume, were sent to hunt him up, a task supposed to be of no great

difficulty, unless he had fallen into a pit. In the meanwhile the poor miner, it seems, had succeeded in reaching the Salts Room, filling his sack, and retracing his steps half way back to the Grand Gallery; when, finding the distance greater than he thought it ought to be, the conceit entered his unlucky brain that he *might* perhaps be going wrong. No sooner had the suspicion struck him, than he fell into a violent terror, dropped his sack, ran backwards, then returned, then ran back again, each time more frightened and bewildered than before; until at last he ended his adventures by tumbling over a stone and extinguishing his lamp. Thus left in the dark, not knowing where to turn, frightened out of his wits besides, he fell to remembering his sins—always remembered by those who are lost in the Mammoth Cave—and praying with all his might for succour. But hours passed away, and assistance came not: the poor fellow's frenzy increased; he felt himself a doomed man, he thought his terrible situation was a judgment imposed on him for his wickedness; nay, he even believed, at last, that he was no longer an inhabitant of the earth—that he had been translated, even in the body, to the place of torment—in other words, that he was in hell itself, the prey of the devils, who would presently be let loose upon him. It was at this moment the miners in search of him made their appearance: they lighted upon his sack, lying where he had thrown it, and set up a great shout, which was the first intimation he had of their approach. He started up, and seeing them in the distance, the half-naked negroes in advance, all swinging their torches aloft, he, not doubting they were those identical devils whose appearance he had been expecting, took to his heels, yelling lustily for mercy; nor did he stop, notwithstanding the calls of his amazed friends, until he had fallen a second time among the rocks, where he lay on his face, roaring for pity, until, by dint of much pulling and shaking, he was convinced that he was still in the world and the Mammoth Cave. Such is the story they tell of the Haunted Chambers, the name having been given to commemorate the incident.

But let us resume our explorations in the Grand Gallery. Three hundred yards beyond the mouth of the Haunted Chambers, proceeding along this wide, lofty, ever frowning and ever majestic highway, on the brow of a hill, you perceive, on the left hand, a broad chasm, reaching to the ceiling, its floor heaped with huge rocks. This is the Ruined, or Rocky Cave, extending a distance of a hundred and fifty yards, wide and high throughout, but its floor covered with blocks of stone of the most gigantic size, some exceeding twenty feet in cubic dimensions, and weighing six hundred tons. In this cave, spread out upon the path, you find a relic of the ancient inhabitants of the place. It is an Indian mat of bark,

a cloak perhaps—or a part of one, for it is only a fragment about a yard square. It may have covered, in its day, the shoulders of a warrior of renown, or of a maiden the pride and beauty of her clan, in which thought we will but look upon it, and pass it reverentially by.

A hundred yards further on, the Grand Gallery makes a majestic sweep to the right. Just where the curve begins, you see, lying against the right hand wall, a huge oblong rock, pointed at its further extremity like the prow of a ship. The Adam that gave names to the lions of the cave has christened this rock the Steamboat; and it must be confessed that it looks very much like a steamboat, only that wheels and wheel-houses are entirely wanting; not to speak of smoke-stacks and the superstructure of cabins, pilot-boxes, and so on. It was some considerable period—years, in fact—after this Steamboat was observed reposing in her river of stone, before any curious person thought of peeping round her bows, to see what might be concealed behind them. This peep revealed an unanticipated mystery. A narrow, but quite easy passage was discovered, leading into a circular room a hundred feet in diameter, with a low roof, a broken floor, hollowed like a bowl, covered with sand and gravel, in which floor were two different holes, leading to unknown chambers below. This room is the Vestibule of the Deserted Chambers, but more frequently called, in allusion to its figure, the Wooden Bowl. The holes, which are so small as only to admit one person to creep down them at a time, are called the Dog and Snake Holes, and are, in many respects, worthy of their names. By descending either to a depth of twenty or thirty feet, we find ourselves at once in the Deserted Chambers—to many the most impressive and terrific portion of the cave. Here the visiter, if he has not felt bewildered before, finds himself at last in a labyrinth, from which no sagacity or courage of his own could remove him—a chaos of winding branches, once the beds of subterraneous torrents; and he almost dreads, at each step, to see the banished floods come roaring upon him from some midnight chamber. Now he beholds great rocks—mighty flakes scaling from the roof—hanging over him—in one place so low that he must stoop to pass under them—yet suspended to the roof only by an edge or a corner. What was the sword of Damocles to these treacherous traps, that would, any one of them, provided it should fall, smash a rhinoceros with as much ease as a basket of eggs? The ram of a pile-engine were a falling feather in comparison. Now he startles aghast, as hollow echoes under his feet bespeak the dismal abyss from which he is separated only by a thin shell of floor. Now he stands trembling on the brink of a horrible chasm, down which the rock he has toppled

goes crashing and rumbling to an immeasurable depth ; or now listens, with little less of awe, at the verge of another, in which, far down, he can hear the obscure dashings of a waterfall. Now he sits upon a crag—perhaps alone—for if he would, for once in his life, feel what solitude is, (a thing man knows nothing of, even in desert islands or the solitary cells of a prison,) here is the place to try the experiment—with nameless passages yawning all around him, in a wilderness and desert such as his imagination never before dreamed of, reading such a lesson of his impotence and insignificance as not even the stars or the billows of ocean can teach him. In short, the Deserted Chambers are terrific, chaotic, and not to be conceived of by those who have not seen them ; for which reason we will not attempt the task of description. We may observe, however, that they consist of three principal branches, one of which is nearly a mile long, another the third of a mile, the remaining one only three or four hundred yards ; and that all three are full of pits, domes, and springs without number. The shortest branch contains three or four fearful pits. Over one of these, called the Side-saddle Pit, projects a rock, affording a very comfortable seat to any visiter who chooses to peep into the den of darkness beneath, or the dome arching above it. Another, a well of fourteen or fifteen feet diameter, is covered by a thin plate of rock, lying on it like the cover of a pot, though a cover somewhat too small for the vessel, and seemingly supported only at one point. This is both a very curious and a very dangerous pit.

But the chief glory of this branch is the Bottomless Pit, so called, *par excellence*, and suspected by many to run pretty nearly through the whole diameter of the earth. The branch terminates in it, and the explorer suddenly finds himself brought up on its brink, standing upon a projecting platform, surrounded on three sides by darkness and terror, a gulf on the right hand, a gulf on the left, and before him what seems an interminable void. He looks aloft ; but no eye has yet reached the top of the great overarching dome ; nothing is there seen but the flashing of water dropping from above, and smiling, as it shoots by, in the unwonted gleam of the lamps. He looks below, and nothing there meets his glance, save darkness as thick as lamp-black ; but he hears a wild, mournful melody of waters, the wailing of the brook for the green and sunny channel left in the upper world, never more to be revisited. Truly, as we sit upon the brink listening, the complaining of those plaintive drops doth breathe a sad and woful melancholy into our inmost spirit, a nostalgic longing for the bright and beautiful world we have left behind us. Who could believe, in this dismal cave, that earth was otherwise than a paradise ? that rogues and rascals made up a part of its population ?

No ; our remembrance, here, is only of the good and pure, the just and gentle, the noble and the beautiful ; those for whose society we may yearn with a pleasant sorrow, with tears as bright and pure as these falling drops, with sighs and murmurings as sweetly sad as these of the caverned fountain. But sweetly sad they sound no more. Down goes a rock, tumbled over the cliff by the guide, who is of opinion that folks come hither to see and hear, not to muse and be melancholy. There it goes—crash ; it has reached the bottom. No—hark ! it strikes again ; once more and again, still falling, still striking. Will it never stop ? One's hair begins to bristle, as he hears the sound repeated, growing less and less, until the ear can follow it no longer. Certainly, if the Pit of Fredericshall be eleven thousand feet deep, the Bottomless Pit of the Mammoth Cave must be its equal : for two minutes, at least, we can hear the stone descending.

But there is, it appears to us, something deceptive in this mode of estimating the depth of a pit. Mr. Lee sounded the pit in question with a line, and, bottomless though it be, found bottom at a depth of one hundred and seventy-three feet ; though he supposed, as every one else who hurls stones into it, will suppose, that his plummet had struck a shelf, the bottom of the pit being in reality a great many fathoms beneath. Nothing would be easier than to ascertain, by throwing stones into it, the depth of a pit of perpendicular descent, and having smooth continuous walls. But it must be remembered that all such cavities are very broken and ragged, with numberless shelves and other projections, on which have lodged stones and rubbish from the mouldering walls above. A stone being cast into such a pit, if it be very deep, will naturally strike upon some shelf, from which it dislodges much of the rubbish, that falls with it to the bottom, each fragment making a louder or fainter noise, according to its weight ; and of these particles the smallest ones, which are those that make the least noise, will be the longest in rolling off their perch ; though, of course, once off it, they will fall as rapidly as the others. Allowing that the bottom of the pit were but a few yards below the shelf, it will be easy to see that the sound, of these dislodged particles, falling after the stone to the bottom, the heaviest first and the lightest last, would produce all the phenomena caused by a single stone dropping from ledge to ledge for a long time, and consequently through a great depth. There is, and, indeed, can be, no certainty except in the line and plummet.

A few hundred feet back from this Bottomless Pit, is a narrow chasm, called the Covered Way, which, on being followed, is found to terminate in the side of the pit, fifty feet below the platform ; which is perhaps as great a depth into the pit as any visiter will ever choose to venture.

Returning again to the Grand Gallery, and pursuing the majestic curve it makes at the place of the Steamboat, we find it presently taking another and more abrupt sweep to the left, still wide, lofty, and impressive. In the angle here made we see the opening into another cave,—the Sick Room,—which, running back, and under the Haunted Chambers, terminates at last under the Grand Gallery near the Church, where was originally another outlet, now covered over with rubbish. The visiter has now before him a walk of a thousand yards; which having accomplished, he will perhaps lay aside his enthusiasm for a moment, to wonder how he is ever to get back again. Throughout the whole of this distance, the floor of the cave is strown over with loose rocks, flakes from the ceiling and crags from the wall, of all imaginable sizes and shapes, over which the labour of trudging, at least at the pace the guide holds most agreeable, is inconceivably great; while a certain natural anxiety to avoid tumbling into the numberless gaps between the huge rough blocks, and to step upon the flakes eternally see-sawing under your feet, precisely at the point which will enable you to preserve your equilibrium, adds greatly to your distresses; while, at the same time, it prevents your taking any note of the grandeur around, except when the guide occasionally pauses to point out some remarkable object,—the Keel-boat, (a tremendous rock sixty or seventy feet long, fifteen wide, and depth unknown,)—the Devil's Looking-Glass, (which is a huge plate of stone standing erect,)—the Snow Room, (where even a lusty halloo brings down from the ceiling a shower of saline flakes, as white and beautiful almost as those of snow itself,)—and other such curiosities. In another visit, he will perhaps show you what you did not before suspect, that you have passed many different openings in the left wall, running into caves called the Side Cuts, in consequence of all of them winding back again into the Grand Gallery. In one of them is a perforation,—the Black Hole,—leading into the Deserted Chambers, forming the third entrance to those wild and dreary vaults. Throughout the whole of this space of a thousand yards, the Grand Gallery is worthy of its name, being uniformly of the grandest dimensions and aspect. In two places, the rocks covering the floor are of such vast size, and lie heaped in such singular confusion, that fancy has traced in them a resemblance to the ruins of demolished cities, Troglodytic Luxors, and Palmyras; and they bear the names of the First and Second Cities.

But we have accomplished the thousand yards, the guide pauses to give us rest; we have reached a new region, we look upon a new spectacle; we are in the Cross Rooms, (so called,) at the entrance of the Black Chambers. A wilder, sublimer scene imagination

could scarcely paint ; even Martin might here take a lesson in the grand and terrible. The Grand Gallery, previously contracted in a short bend, to a width of thirty or forty feet, suddenly expands to the width of more than a hundred and fifty feet—according to Mr. Lee, a hundred and seventy—which it preserves throughout a length of five hundred and fifty. In the middle of this noble hall, on the left hand, running at right angles with it, is seen another apartment, a hundred and fifty feet wide, and, measuring from its opening, more than two hundred long ; or, if we add to it the width of the Grand Gallery, three hundred and fifty feet long ; the two rooms thus uniting into one in the shape of the letter T. The whole of this prodigious area is strown with rocks of enormous size, tumbled together in a manner that cannot be described, and looking, especially in the transeptal portion, where confusion is by them worse confounded, like the ruins of some old castle of the Demi-gods, too ponderous to stand, yet too massive to decay. This apartment is bounded, or rather divided at what seems its end, by ragged cliffs forming a kind of very large island, into two branches, through both of which, clambering aloft among the rugged blocks and up two crannies, called the Chimneys, very irregular and bewildering, you can penetrate into the Black Chambers above. The whole extent of these chambers, which are black and dismal as their name denotes, does not exceed six or seven hundred yards ; and there is nothing in them, though they contain several domes arched over mountains of fallen sand stone, with a few stalactites and clusters of crystals here and there, to compare in interest with their entrance. The greatest curiosities, perhaps, are four or five piles of stones looking like rude altars, and so denominated, left thus heaped up by the Autochthones of the cave ; though for what purpose it is difficult to imagine.

The entrance into these Black Chambers by the Chimneys, however narrow and contorted they may be, is not very difficult ; but the exit is quite another matter. There are as many chaotic rocks around the tops of the Chimneys in the chambers above, as at the bottom ; and it is sometimes no easy task to find them ; the more particularly as there are dozens of other holes exactly like them, though leading to nothing. Even the guides themselves are sometimes for a moment at fault. Some years since two young gentlemen of the West were conducted into the Black Chambers, whence, in due course of time, they proposed to return to the Grand Gallery ; a feat, however, as they soon discovered to their horror, which it was much easier to propose than perform. The guide, who happened not to be very familiar with this branch of the cave, looked, and looked in vain, for the Chimneys. Not one could he find. He be-

gan to think, that, while he had been with the party at the extreme verge of the Chambers, the rocks must have fallen down, and sealed up the two passages. Here was a situation ; and, soon, there was a scene. The young gentlemen became frantic ; and, declaring they would sooner die on the spot than endure their horrible imprisonment longer, condemned to agonize out existence by inches, they drew their pistols—with which, like true American travellers, they were both well provided—resolving at once to end the catastrophe. The only difficulty was a question that occurred, whether each should do execution upon himself by blowing his own brains out, or whether, devoted to friendship even in death, each should do that office for the other. Fortunately, before the difficulty was settled, the guide stumbled upon one of the Chimneys, and blood and gunpowder were both saved.

The danger of being entrapped in these dens is perhaps as great as ever ; but such an accident can only happen where the guide, besides being inexperienced, is of a temper to take alarm, or become confused, at an unexpected difficulty. In all intricate passages throughout the cave, and in many that are not intricate, the rocks are marked with broad arrows pointing the way out. A piece of chalk—or, to be correct, of decomposing limestone—caught up along the way, makes an intelligible record on the black rocks of the path ; and explorers at first, and after them super-philanthropic visitors, have taken care these marks should be in abundance. The rocks at the Chimneys have their share of arrows, and a man with good eyes and a philosophic temperament, will find little difficulty in making his way in and out.

In the right-hand wall of the Grand Gallery, directly opposite the Black Chambers, is the opening of another vault, (whence the name of Cross Rooms,) called Fox's Hall. It runs backward, and after a course of four or five hundred feet, returns to the Grand Gallery.

From the Black Chambers to what may be properly considered the termination of the Grand Gallery, is a distance of only two or three hundred yards. During a part of this space, the path is very narrow, running between rudely piled, but high walls of loose stones, thrown up by the ancient inhabitants, for a purpose they doubtless understood themselves, though it will not seem very obvious to the modern visiter. The passage, however, soon widens again, and presently we hear the far-off murmur of a waterfall, whose wild pattering sound, like that of a heavy rain, but modified almost to music by the ringing echoes of the cave, grows louder as we approach, and guides us to the end of the Grand Gallery. We find ourselves on the verge of a steep stony descent, a hollow running across the cave from right to left, bounded on the further side by a

solid wall extending from the bottom of the descent up to the roof, in which it is lost. In the roof, at the right hand corner are several perforations as big as hogsheads, from which water is ever falling—on ordinary occasions, in no great quantities, but, after heavy rains, in torrents, and with a horrible roar that shakes the walls, and resounds afar through the cave. It is at such times that these cascades are worthy the name of Cataracts, which they bear. The water falling into the hollow below, immediately vanishes among the rocks. In fact, this hollow is the mouth of a great pit, loosely filled in with stones, which have not even the merit of being lodged securely. A huge mass of rocks fell, some years ago, from the little domes of the cataracts, almost filling that corner of the hollow; but they speedily crushed their way down to the original level. On another occasion, some visitors tumbling a big rock into the hollow on the left hand, the crash set all below in commotion, causing a considerable sinking in that quarter.

Over this portion of the hollow—that is, on the left hand—high up in the wall that bounds the passage, the visiter dimly discerns an opening, behind which, listening attentively, he can hear the pattering of another cascade. Descending into the hollow and clambering up a mound of stones by way of ladder, we make our way into this opening—the Garret-hole—and find ourselves between two hollows—the one we have just crossed, and a second—forming part of a concealed chamber of no great extent—into which, from a barrel-like dome above, falls the Second Cataract. Opposite to this Second Cataract, at the bottom of the wall, (which is, however, some twelve or fifteen feet above the bottom of the hollow,) is a horizontal fissure, ten or fifteen feet wide, but so low as only to permit a man lying flat on his face to enter it. But through that narrow fissure, and in that grovelling position, we must pass, if we would visit the Solitary Cave; a branch only discovered within a few years. Indeed, if we can believe the guide, our friend and self were the first persons that ever entered it; for though the fissure had been often observed, and it was thought might lead to a new branch, neither himself nor any other individual had ever attempted to crawl through it. It is, in truth, somewhat of awe-inspiring appearance, looking like one of Milton's

“ Rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell; ”

though we discovered, to our great satisfaction, that it led to quite another place. Crawling along on our faces for a hundred feet or more, we found ourselves at last in more comfortable quarters, in a cave neither very wide nor high, nor indeed extensive; the greatest length of the main passage not exceeding seven hundred yards, but

curious for the dens and grotesque figures worn in the rocks by water, and for its recent stalactites, of which there is quite a grove in the chamber called the Fairy Grotto. The Island,—or Boone's Castle as it is more poetically called,—is a very curious rock supporting the roof in manner of a pier, but excavated through and through in several directions, so as to make a little room, in which you may sit at ease, looking out into the cave by sundry wide, window-like orifices in its walls. From the main passage run several narrower branches, some of which have not been yet explored. In one of them was found a kind of nest composed of sticks, moss, and leaves, with, I believe, a walnut or two in it,—supposed to be a rat's nest, floated thither from some unknown higher branch; and in another passage was found a tooth resembling a beaver's. In one of the passages, called the Coral-grove Branch, is a deep pit, suspected, upon pretty strong grounds, to have some underhand kind of communication with the Cataracts, which are at no great distance; and, indeed, from an occurrence that happened some few months after the discovery of the Solitary Cave, this communication can hardly be questioned. One of the younger guides, at the time mentioned, had conducted a visiter into the Solitary Cave, where they employed themselves looking for new branches at its extremity. It was a winter's day, very stormy; and rain was falling, when they entered the Cave. The Cataracts were found pouring down water rather more freely than usual, but not in quantities to excite any alarm; and they crawled through the Humble Chute, and to the farthest recesses of the branch, without giving them a thought. In these remote vaults, as indeed in all others throughout the cave, except in the immediate vicinity of falling water, a death-like silence perpetually reigns: of course, a sound of any kind occurring, immediately attracts attention, if it does not cause dismay. We can well remember the thrilling effect produced upon ourself and companions, when first exploring the Solitary Cave, by a low, hollow, but very distant sound we heard once or twice repeated, which we supposed was caused by the falling of rocks in chambers far beneath—a phenomenon, however, as it seems, of very rare occurrence. The visiter and his guide of whom we speak were startled from their tranquillity by a more formidable noise—a sudden rumbling and roaring, distant indeed, but loud enough to produce consternation. They retraced their steps as rapidly as they could; the noise increased as they advanced; and by and by, when they reached the mouth of the Coral-grove Branch, which is two hundred yards from the Humble Chute, they found it full of water, and pouring out a flood into the Solitary Cave here at its lowest level. They hurried by, astounded and affrighted, yet rejoiced to find the water was not

rushing into the cave through the Humble Chute, which would have effectually cut off their escape. It was no longer to be doubted that a torrent, a result of the rains, was now pouring down the Cataracts, especially the second one, immediately opposite the outlet of the Humble Chute; its terrific din made that more than evident; and it was questioned whether the body of falling water might not fill the narrow passage into which the Solitary Cave opens, and so prevent their further retreat. But the occasion was pressing; time was too precious to be wasted in hesitation. The guide crept up the Chute, and reached its outlet, where he was saluted by a flood of spray that immediately extinguished his torch. He perceived, however, that the path was still open to the Garret Hole, which if he could reach, there was little fear of himself and companion dying the death of drowned rats. His torch proving insufficient to resist the spray and eddies of air caused by the cascade, he crept a little back into the Chute, where he manfully substituted his shirt for the torch, and with that flaming in his hands, making a gallant rush, he succeeded in reaching the Garret Hole; whence, lighting his torch again, it was afterwards not very difficult to assist in extricating his companion. The Solitary Cave was visited again, a few days after: the floods had then entirely subsided, and the Cataracts dwindled to their former insignificance, leaving no vestige of the late scene of disorder and horror.

Standing again upon the verge of the declivity of the First Cataract, facing towards the mouth of the cave, we perceive, on the right hand, a wide and lofty passage running from the Grand Gallery, which we did not before notice. This is commonly considered as a continuation of the Grand Gallery, or Main Cave, and may be followed for a distance of fifteen hundred yards,—nearly a mile. Half a mile from its entrance at the Cataracts, it is crossed by another wide cave, the right and left hand branches of which are each half a mile long, and called, respectively, Symmes's Pit Branch and the Branch of the Blue Spring. Each has its curiosities and its interest. The end of the former is the farthest point from daylight yet reached in the Mammoth Cave, being but a few yards short of two miles and a half. The pit from which it takes its name is of unknown depth, and peculiarly dangerous to approach, its funnel-shaped mouth being strown with loose rocks, that, at a touch of the foot, roll into the chasm: it is such a trap as the lion-spider digs in the sand for his unwary prey, which a single false step slides headlong into his expanded jaws.

Into these branches it is not our intention to drag the reader: it is sufficient for our purpose if he will follow us six or seven hundred yards into the Main Cave. Throughout this distance the floor is

still rugged ; the path runs over fallen slabs that rock and clatter under our feet with incessant din,—in some places to such a degree as to have gained for certain long but not lofty mounds over which we must pass, the name of the Clattering Hills.

But to what a chamber this wearisome and painful road conducts us ! We have expended our breath, our epithets, our enthusiasm, upon the smaller glories of the Vestibule and the Hall of the Black Chambers, and we have nothing left wherewith to paint the vast vault into which we have now found our way. Yet with even a wilderness of fine words at command, we doubt whether we could convey an adequate idea of the scene, or of the impressions it produces on a spectator's mind. If the reader will fancy an oval room extremely regular in figure, of the enormous dimensions of two hundred yards in length by one hundred yards wide, (*feet* are here too trifling for our purpose,) crowned by a dome one hundred and twenty feet high, and of an oval shape, corresponding throughout with the figure of the room, he will have a better idea of the den and its horrible grandeur, than we could convey by the most laboured description. On the floor, which is actually *two acres* in area, lies a mountain of great rocks—fallen from the dome, and reposing chiefly against the left wall. From this mountain—a pile of ruins such as we have seen in the Grand Gallery,—the chamber derives its name of the Chief City,—a name that we infinitely prefer to the trivial one of the Temple, under which it figures in Mr. Lee's map. The great dome above is of a peculiar and striking appearance, being formed by the giving way, one after the other, of the great horizontal strata of rock, the perforation of each in the ascending series being less in dimensions than that in the stratum immediately below, until the top of all, in place of a lantern, is closed by a flat oval slab symmetrically cut and placed with the figure and axis of the chamber. This noble dome, as Mr. Lee justly observes, “in passing through, from one end to the other, appears to follow, like the sky, in passing from place to place on the earth.” From its height, it could not be otherwise.

It must not be supposed that all the vast dimensions of this prodigious chamber can be embraced by the eye at once. The darkness of the rock of which all is composed, not to speak of the boundless extent of the chamber, forbids that. It is only by ascending the mountain, collecting the pieces of cane—remnants of old Indian torches—and building fires with them, that we can see any thing except a few yards of rocky floor around us ;—all else is the void of darkness. When the fires are in flame, the torches all freshly trimmed, we can, from the top of the mountain, discern, dimly it must be confessed, the dome above us and the opposite wall ; but

the ends of the chamber are still veiled in midnight. It is only when a guide and a companion are placed one at each end, with their torches, that the whole immensity of the scene begins to break upon our minds.

Upon this mountain we will end our journey. It is a favourite place with visiters, and was a favourite with the Indian inhabitants of yore. The interstices of the rocks, from top to bottom, are full of the half-burnt remnants of their cane torches : you may, in any place, collect, in five minutes, fragments enough to build a fire. Hundreds—we might almost say, thousands—of fires have been already built by visiters ; but the supply of fuel seems yet inexhaustible. The presence of these canes—the growth of the river-banks near—in such astonishing, unaccountable quantities, is all that remains to prove in what favour the Red-men held the ruins of the Chief City. Visiters of the pale-faced race have left still more surprising proof of their regard. The chinks of the wall, at the top of the mountain, are stuck full of written papers, in which sundry full-hearted personages have acquainted the Mammoth Cave with the state of their affections. Here, one confiding, and, we doubt not, youthful personage, who signs his name in full—it may be Charles Henry Tender, or Allheart, or any thing else—assures Miss Lavinia Small—Peabody, or Pettibones, we know not what—that he visited the Mammoth Cave at such a date, and that he adores her, and will continue to do so as long as the rocks hold together ; there, another son of soul, who writes a good hand, somewhat the worse for bad paper and mouldered ink, and spells nothing aright except his own name, proclaims that he was educated at such a college, declaring he will ever hold his Alma Mater in honour and affection, and also Miss Angelina B——, diffidently leaving *her* name to be guessed at ; then comes another edition of Mr. Tender and Miss Small, under other names, and then another, and another without end—memorials of fond hearts and foolish heads.

From these frank confessions, whispered in pen and ink into the rocky ears of the Mammoth Cave, and the representations of the guides, there seems to be every reason to believe that the Mammoth Cave—and particularly the Chief City thereof—has a wonderful effect in awakening the tender passion ; a phenomenon which, however interesting it might be to discuss, we must leave to be solved by the philosophers. We felt somewhat of an inclination, at the first peep into them, to pocket a brace or two of these precious records ; but they were secrets breathed in the confessional—offerings made to the benign (so we must conceive him,) genius of the cave ; and we returned them to their places, to rot and moulder, as perhaps have already done some of the idle hands that traced them.

In the Deserted Chambers, we made an effort, and a successful one, to find out what *solitude* was. Let us, in this fearful vault, upon this mound of rocks, two miles away from the blessed light of heaven, prove what is *darkness*—a thing, we devoutly believe, quite as little known in the outer world, even as solitude. Let us blow out our torches. What should we fear? We have our pockets full of Lucifers, and ‘can again our former lights restore,’ whenever we will. What, indeed, can we fear? Man is not with us: we are alone with God. Is darkness so very terrible?

“He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i’ the centre, and enjoy bright day.”

Puff, puff, puff—it is done; the torches are out, and now we are indeed in darkness. Ah, that those who dream that Heaven, in visiting them with a little affliction, a little desolation, a little gloom—the darkest that was ever infused into the sparkling dew-drop of life—has quenched the light of hope and happiness, leaving the spirit in midnight—should sit with us upon this rock, and say if such darkness as *this* ever lay even for a moment upon the mind! Never: such darkness were annihilation. It is awful. The atmosphere is a rock, palpable and solid as the limestone walls around; the very air seems petrified—condensed into a stratum of coal, in which we sit encased like toads or insects—fossils—yet breathing fossils. Such it is to us—to man; all whose skill exhausted in the most ingenious devices, could not collect from it light enough to see his own fingers. Yet the bat flutters by at ease; and the rat, who has no such fine organization as his airy cousin, or as a *somnambule* from the digits of an Animal-Magnetizer—creatures, as we all know—the bat and the *somnambule*—that see through their bodies, or, rather, see by instinct, without the intervention of visual apparatus of any kind—the rat scampers over the rocks with equal facility and confidence; and, doubtless, if a cat were here, she also would find light enough to make a bold dash at his ratship. But we are in gloom—gloom unparalleled by any thing in the world. Truly, indeed, man knows nothing about darkness *there*;—alas, none but those to whose eyes Heaven has denied the blessing of light altogether. The blind see such darkness; and here we can learn (for during a period we can feel it,) the depth and misery of the privation.

And now, while thus sitting in gloom ineffable, a secret dread (notwithstanding the actual assurance we possess of security,) stealing through our spirits, we can understand and appreciate the horror of mind which inevitably seizes upon men lost in caves, and deprived of their lights, even when their reason—if they could listen

to that ever ill-used counsellor, the victim and football of every fitful passion—tells them their situation is not wholly desperate. Although no fatal accident has ever happened in the Mammoth Cave, men have been frequently lost in it ; or, at least, have lost their lights, and so been left imprisoned in darkness. In such a case, as proceeding in any direction in the dark is quite out of the question, all that is to be done is to sit patiently down, waiting until relief comes from without ; which will happen as soon as the persons outside have reason, from your unusual stay, to suspect that some such catastrophe has occurred. This every body who enters the cave knows well enough, and none better than the guides ; and, one would suppose, such knowledge would always, in case of accident, preserve from unmanly terror. The case is, however, as numerous examples prove, quite otherwise ; guide and visiter, the bold man and the timid, yield alike to apprehension, give over all as lost, and pass the period of imprisonment in lamentations and prayers. It is astonishing, indeed, how vastly devout some men, who were never devout before, become, when thus lost in the cave ; though, as might be suspected, the fit of devotion is of no longer duration than the time of imprisonment.

“ When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be ;
When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he ”—

applies very well to the history of cave conversions. We had the good fortune, when on our way to the Mammoth Cave some years ago, in a certain city of the South-West, to stumble upon a worthy gentleman, who, among his many virtues public and private, was not supposed to lay any particular claim to religious devotion ; or if he did, took no great pains to make it evident ; on the contrary, we heard it very energetically averred by one who was a proficient in the same accomplishment, “ that Captain B—— could swear harder than any other man on the Mississippi.” The Captain ascertaining whither we were directing our footsteps, congratulated us upon the pleasures we had in store, and concluded by informing us that he had visited the Mammoth Cave himself, and, with his guide, had been lost in it, remaining in this condition and in the dark, for eight or nine hours. “ Dreadful ! ” we naturally exclaimed : “ what did you do ? ” “ Do ! ” replied the Captain, with the gravity of a philosopher ; “ all that we could ;—as soon as our lights went out, we sat down upon a rock, and waited until the people came in and hunted us up.” We admired the Captain’s courage, and went on our way, until we had arrived within two miles of the Mammoth Cave, where a thunder-shower drove us to seek shelter in a cabin on the way-side. Here we found a man who had been

born and bred, and lived all his life, within so short a distance of the cave without having ever entered it: in excuse of which unpardonable deficiency, he told us "he had a brother who had been in it often enough," had sometimes officiated as guide, and had once even been lost in it. "He was along with a gentleman he was guiding—Captain B——: perhaps you know Captain B——?" said our hospitable host, "Captain B—— of ——". Well, he was the gentleman with my brother: they lost their lights, and were kept fast in the desperate hole for nine hours—awfully frightened, too." "What! Captain B—— frightened?" "Just as much as my brother: I have heard my brother tell the story over a hundred times. They got to praying, both of 'em, as loud as they could; and my brother says, the Captain made some of the most beautiful prayers he ever heard in his life! and he reckons, if the Captain would take to it, he'd make a rale tearcat of a preacher!" Oh, Philosophy! how potent thou art in an arm-chair, or at the dinner table!

But we have been long enough in darkness, long enough even in the cave. We re-light our torches, we bid farewell to the Hall of the Chief City, and returning to the Grand Gallery, retrace the long path that leads us back to daylight.

The Mammoth Cave possesses few features of interest for a geologist or naturalist. It may be considered a great crack opened in the thick bed of limestone, by some convulsion, or series of convulsions, which have left it in some places in its original condition, while, in other parts, it has been worn and altered by rushing floods that have swept into it sand, gravel, and clay; while, also, the infiltration of springs from above has here and there destroyed the calcareous crust, and exposed the superstratum of sandstone. The earthquakes that have left their visible devastations in every part of the cave, must, however, have been a thousand times more violent than those of modern days. Many shocks—the concussions that succeeded the great New Madrid earthquake of 1811—were experienced by the nitre-diggers while at work in the cave; but though sorely frightened on each occasion, they never saw a single rock shaken from the roof or walls. The rock contains no fossils, or none that we could discover; though shells abound in the limestone in the vicinity. No fossil bones have been discovered. Human bones in a recent condition were dug up near the entrance; but no mummies were found. The mummy in one of the public museums said to be from the Mammoth Cave, was taken, we were told, from a cave in the neighbourhood—we believe the Pit Cave; though deposited for awhile in the Mammoth Cave. There are vast numbers of rats in the cave, though we never could get sight of any of them. What they can find to live on may well be won-

dered. In winter, the roof of the cave, as far in at least as the Black Chambers, where we found them in numbers, is seen dotted over with bats. In the low and humid branches there may frequently be seen, galloping along over roof and floor, an insect with long cricket-like legs, and body like a spider; and a smaller insect, somewhat like the "strange bedfellow," with which misery makes us acquainted, may be sometimes discovered.

We have frequently had occasion to speak of the Indians, the original *inhabitants* of the cave; and, indeed, this is to us one of the most interesting subjects connected with the Mammoth Cave. We use the word *inhabitants*; for mere visitors, unless the cave was, in its day, much more of a lion among the savage Red-men than it is now even among their white successors, could never have left behind them so many vestiges. We have seen what vast quantities of broken, half-burnt canes lie among the rocks of the Chief City. They are scattered in other parts of the cave,—we might say throughout the whole extent of the Grand Gallery,—in nearly equal profusion. These, there can be little doubt, are the remains of torches—in some cases, of fires; for which former purpose they were tied together with strips of young hickory bark, into little faggots. Such faggots are still occasionally picked up, half-consumed, the thongs still around them. Besides, there have been discovered stone arrowheads, axes, and hammers, and pieces of pottery, with moccasins, blankets of woven bark, and other Indian valuables; in short, evidence sufficient to prove that these occidental Troglodytes actually lived in the cave. No mere visitors would have taken the trouble to build the walls in the Grand Gallery near the Cataracts, much less to clear away the rocks from the floor of the Blue-Spring Branch, as we find has been done, so as to make a good path on the sand beneath. There are in several branches, places where the walls have been picked and beaten with stone-hammers—for what purpose no one can tell; in others, rocks heaped up into mounds, and the earth separated,—the object of such labour, as we cannot suppose the Indians did dig villanous saltpetre, being equally mysterious; neither of which could have been done by temporary visitants. Nor could such visitants have made themselves so thoroughly acquainted with the cave, into every nook of which they seem to have penetrated, leaving the prints of their moccasins and naked feet in the sand and clay of the low branches, and fragments of their cane torches in the upper ones. Even in the Solitary Cave, previously unknown to the guides, we found, in one place, the print of a naked foot. One would think the curious fellows had even entered some of the pits; as there are long ropes, or withes of hickory bark sometimes found, which look as if they might have been prepared for such

a purpose. At all events, it is quite plain that the Mammoth Cave was once the dwelling-place of man,—of a race of the Anakim, as some will have it, whose bones were disinterred in the Vestibule; or, as common-sense personages may believe, of a tribe of the common family of Red-men, who, in ages not very remote, occupied all the fertile valleys along the rivers of Kentucky. Some such clan, we suppose, dwelt on Green River at Cave Hollow, using the Mammoth Cave as a kind of winter wigwam, and—a more common use of cavès among Indians—a burial-place. The tribe has vanished, and their bones (to what base uses we may return!) converted into gunpowder, have been employed to wing many a death against their warring descendants.

But of Indians, charnels, and caves no more: we have reached the confines of day; yonder it shines upon us afar, a twinkling planet, which increases as we advance, changing from pallid silver to flaming gold. It is the gleam of sunset playing upon the grass and mosses at the mouth of the cave. Oh, World, World! he knows not thy loveliness, who has not lived a day in the Mammoth Cave!

SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

LIGHT is flashing in the sky
 As the morning draweth nigh,
 And the clouds are robed in gorgeous hues by the yet unrisen sun,—
 And the mountain peaks are bright
 With the slow advancing light,
 And the foamy waters flash with gold, as their downward course they run.

And a gentle breeze awakes
 Joyous ripples on the lakes
 Where the early swallow seeks around for the water-loving fly;
 And a rustling music goes
 Through the forest's deep repose,
 And the maple shakes the dew-drops down as the light wind flutters by.

Lo! the sun ascendeth now
 O'er the Eastern mountain's brow,
 And the misty robe that wrapped the hills hath caught a rose-like hue,
 And the forest trees are glowing
 With the glory he is throwing,
 Though their trunks are mirrored darkly in the bubbling streamlet blue.

Yet at times a struggling ray
Through the foliage finds its way
And it paints a chequered radiance on the mossy ground below ;
And the sleepy owl hath seen
The light dancing of its sheen
And he seeks his hollow chamber-tree, for he loveth not the glow.

And the bat with weary wing
Leaves his long night wandering,
And he lieth snugly hid from light in the fissure of a tree,
But the spider sleeps not yet
Till he finish his fine net,
Though he hath laboured half the night, for a busy wight is he.

And, as upward through the skies
Morning's golden chariot flies,
Along the verdant fields and meads the floods of brilliance flow ;
And the scythes the mowers hold
Flash like lines of polished gold
As amid the ranks of dewy grass they sway them to and fro.

And behold the pleasant hour
Calls away from flower to flower
The humming bees and bee-like birds their treasures to obtain :
While in joyance through the sky
Flits the rich-winged butterfly
Living out his brief but brilliant hour, unconscious of a pain.

O! how beautiful is Earth
In the hour of morning's birth,
When the early Summer spreads its hues around her ample breast ;—
But there is a lovelier sight
Than the pouring forth of light
On the scene that Night hath hidden with its deep and sombre vest.

'Tis the light of holy love
Streaming down from Heaven above
On the heart that darkness long hath held in Error's misty tomb,
And that light whose beams increase
On the Christian's path of peace,—
The light of pure and holy deeds dispelling moral gloom.

* * * * *

Like a wheel of living fire
The sun pauseth on the hill,
Unwilling to desert the scene that rejoiceth in his beam,
And the slender village spire,
And the reedy margined rill,
Are glowing in the mellow light with the tintings of a dream.

And the East is wreathed about
With a faint empurpled shroud,
Which softly blends with golden light beside the setting sun ;
And the moon comes slowly out
Like a silver summer-cloud,
Too pale to give her glory forth until the day be done.

As if washed with molten gold,
 Lo! the village windows glowing,
 Give back the setting sun's farewell, yet keep its softness all;
 For within the chamber old,
 There are tides of glory flowing,
 And they light the finely sanded floor, and dance upon the wall.

And the pendulum that swings
 From the ancient clock is bright,
 And the heir-loom oaken table hath a glad and smiling look;
 And the mirror, as it flings
 The reflection of the light,
 Gilds the clasps that guard the covers of the well-used Holy Book.

And where the roads divide,
 Stands a rude direction stone;
 Though yellow moss and creeping weeds above the letters grow,
 And it seems to smile in pride
 At the mighty shadow thrown
 So far along the waving grass from one who stands so low.

And the largely-loaded wain,
 From the perfumed hay-field driven,
 Its moving shadow broadly casts well nigh across the field;
 Though adown the narrow lane,
 The old tree by lightning riven,
 Hath from its top the sunlight lost in twilight now concealed.

And all objects one by one
 Slowly settle into shade;
 And now the spire and historied elm alone in light remain.
 To the drowsy world the sun
 His "good night" hath softly said,
 Though the clouds—the curtains of his couch—a ruby glow retain.

But their glory paleth soon
 To a softer, soberer hue,
 And the brighter stars peep gently forth in meek and modest guise;
 And the pale and pensive moon
 Comes more brightly into view,
 As o'er the twilight western hills the sunset splendour dies.

O! the closing of a day
 Which no tempest cloud hath seen,
 Is like the Christian sinking slow, to take his last repose;
 For in light he fades away
 With a holy smile serene,
 To rise again on other shores where richer beauty glows.

But although from sight he fade
 Far behind Death's gloomy hill,
 He leaveth token that his light, though vanished, doth not die;
 As the moon in hours of shade
 Keeps the day-god's glory still,
 The goodly deeds that he hath done, memorial light supply.
Dorchester, Mass.

LEAVES FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

No. 5.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

Approach to Zacatecas—The Garita—Novelties of a foreign city—The Alameda—The Pestilence—Funerals—Grave-yards—Sunday in Zacatecas.

THE end of my last number brought me to the end of a long journey, and with a feeling of relief I laid aside my pen, and drew a long breath as though my task were done; after the manner in which I threw down my riding whip, and gladly bade adieu to the saddle, when, dismounting for the last time, the weary travellers were kindly welcomed to their foreign home in Zacatecas. But not now as then are my labours over; and I return with diffidence to the point at which commences the difficult, though common-place task of describing a foreign city, with all its varieties of customs and manners. Whilst poising on that uncomfortable pivot, when "where shall I begin?" are the only words that can be distilled from the stagnant fountain of the thoughts, a vivid remembrance of first impressions presented itself, suggesting at the same time the bright idea of describing objects as they first appeared, as the readiest method of conveying them to the imaginations of those who may chance to feel any curiosity on the subject. Let us then re-enter the *cañada*, or low space leading between the mountains up which we passed after leaving the village of Guadalupe, and call to mind the bold and bare features of the country, on which you may look round and seek in vain for one trace of natural beauty or fertility; bounding the view on all sides appear the rugged sides of arid mountains, the red soil affording but a slight covering of vegetation, and diversified only by the naked crests of rocks that are heaved up like the huge back-bones of the mountains. A question crosses the mind—for why, high up amid such unsightly crags, should man have planted his proud steps, and raised his stately halls and temples?—Look round on those same barren mountains; they will answer you: remains of old as well as recent excavations in every direction bear evidence that their treasures lie *within*; that therein exists the lure; from thence cometh forth the voice as of a charmer. I was undergoing the pleasing process of digesting these crude ideas

within the quiet sanctuary of my own thoughts, when some gentlemen on horseback, swinging down the road at a round pace, attracted our attention ; nor did it require a second glance to perceive that they were foreigners ; nor was there time for a second thought before we were politely accosted, and the offer made and thankfully accepted, that one of the party should join us, escort us into Zacatecas, and lead us at once to the home where they knew we were expected ; a circumstance little worthy of note, except as a slight proof of the frankness and cordiality that mark the intercourse of foreigners in those remote regions. These gentlemen were perfect strangers to us, but our friends were their friends, and no formal introduction was necessary to entitle us to their kind services ; so the individual in question turned back from his ride of pleasure, and we soon had cause to congratulate ourselves on the presence of a person acquainted with the language and customs of the country.

About a mile from Zacatecas stands the Garita, a kind of office connected with the Custom-House, where it is the officer's duty to examine all persons and goods entering the city, and see that they present all articles subject to duty at the Custom-House. The duty on foreign goods is equal to twelve per cent. on the amount of Importation duty ; but this vexatious system of levying duties does not stop there ; not an article of common consumption is allowed to enter the town without paying its tribute to Government. Thus fruits, grains, vegetables, and indeed all the country produce sold in the Plaza, are subject to a small duty ; and it follows as a matter of course that various methods and subterfuges are resorted to, to elude the burthen. A Garita is placed at each entrance to the town, and thus are the rights of the Custom-House guarded. Here it was necessary to halt, and present our passports for examination, and go through the forms, as of a fresh entrance into a foreign country, and any irregularity might have subjected our baggage to scrutiny and ourselves to inconvenience ; but a few words of explanation from our new friend cleared the way, and we passed on without further interruption to Zacatecas.

We were now reminded at every step of our approach to a populous and busy town. We met continually with country people going and coming with asses loaded with various articles—charcoal, fire-wood, or huge bundles of grass ; or driving them home relieved of their loads. It is on that stupid and patient animal, the ass, that Zacatecas chiefly depends for the conveyance of its supplies of most of the common articles in use, and of the produce of the country from far and near ; and it forms one of the peculiarities of the place to a stranger's eye, the constant appearance of those animals passing and repassing with loads of every description ; sometimes look-

ing very singular and grotesque; as when carrying piles of chairs, so that hardly any thing is visible of the little quadrupeds beneath; or great tables lashed to their backs; for in all the movings that take place the poor donkeys play their part, and if building is going on they carry the stone to the spot, and bear the long beams, one tied on each side to the pack, the long ends dragging after; an awkward load, that is often seen and heard grating up the steep streets of Zacatecas. There, too, are asses the water-bearers, and may be seen in groups of three or four, with drivers as dogged as themselves but not quite so patient, to judge by the fierce blows they shower round the heads of these their fellow-labourers. The water is carried in large jars, supported in a frame-work of wattles; and thus is milk brought in from the neighbourhood, and the pulque which appears early in the spring.

On entering Zacatecas from the Guadalupe road the inequality of the surface is made manifest by the position of the houses, a long row of poor dwellings on one side considerably above the road, before which runs a high causeway, and where the inhabitants literally look down on their neighbours over the way. Then appears a disconsolate old convent with its gloomy walls and grated windows, which gives its name, San Juan de Dios, to a plazuela (small square*) adjoining, which slopes down from the street, and is a forlorn looking place, frequently crowded with the singular-looking carts I have elsewhere described, in which tunas, the fruit of the nopal, are brought in at certain seasons in great quantities. The lowest class of country people resort there, and take up their quarters night and day whilst disposing of their produce.

Advancing, more pleasant dwellings appear, with upper stories, and the luxury of glazed windows, to each of which is attached a small balcony; and fine mansions, and a variety of shops, and the agreeable symptoms of civilization and wealth, which are counted for more than they are worth by travellers just coming off the toils, and difficulties, and barbarities of a Mexican journey; and within, how pleasant to see carpeted floors once more, and curtained chambers; and the walls painted in Spanish style gave a look of cheerfulness, almost of elegance, to the parlours, after the comfortless huts which had so long been our asylums on the road. A singularity soon strikes you, that the stairs are all of solid stone, and the floors laid with bricks or tiles, which greatly enhances the comfort of a good carpet, a luxury that is rarely met with, except in the houses

* The word plaza does not exactly correspond to our word square, seeing that any open space in a Spanish town is called a plaza, be its shape what it may—thus the circular arena in which bull-fights are carried on, is called the *Plaza de Toros*.

of foreigners and the more wealthy Mexicans, some of whom take a pride in introducing foreign refinements into their establishments. Some of these gentry have their salas very expensively adorned with French hangings, showy engravings, large mirrors, sofas, and centre tables, and a variety of the *et ceteras* of modern luxury. To such rude heights, and so difficult of access, you naturally wonder how all these articles find their way, and learn, on inquiry, that in a disjointed state they are packed on the backs of mules, and thus with great care and perseverance, and at great expense, are brought up from the city of Mexico, where foreign articles abound.

Other novelties call the attention,—the number of servants hanging round ready to offer their humble services, and the small regard paid to their accommodation. The men—where are they to sleep? “O, any where—they will find berths for themselves down in the entry, or in some little nook of a room in the stable yard—what matters?”—and sure enough, what does it matter?—down they lie wrapped in their sarapes, stretched on sheep skins or buffalo hides, and there “tired nature’s sweet restorer” settles on them most profoundly. Do not let an entry be imagined, such as we here understand by the word, with the comfortable appendages of mats, carpets, &c. : I speak of paved entrances to courts and yards exposed to all the noises and nuisances of the lower regions, where it is the porter’s duty to remain and watch the door by day, and where at night he is required to sleep.

On looking into the street my curiosity was excited by the appearance of some strange looking beings in the human form—bipeds they were at any rate—yet performing the office of quadrupeds, bearing on their backs great bundles of grass reaching from high above their heads nearly to the ground, and supported mainly by a strap attached to the load and passed round the forehead; by a stooping position they accommodate the shoulders to the burthen: and thus stand round for hours waiting for customers: these appear occasionally in the shape of travellers’ servants, or gentlemen’s grooms; and having turned a fellow round, examined the load, and made a bargain, trot him off to discharge the grass where it is needed. I observed amongst them an old man, whose wretched looks and tattered garments excited my commiseration mingled with disgust, and who for nearly three years appeared in the same calling, wrapped in the same dirty rags; and it will always be a mystery to me how he or they hung together so long, or still hang together; for there they are yet, I suppose. Round the upper part of his person was folded the same old sarape, its original texture undefinable through the multiplicity of rags and patches; the leather drawers scarcely reaching below the knee, leaving the rusty legs bare,

and the feet only protected from the sharp pavement by sandals; the remnant of a hat drawn over his lank black locks; the small portion of beard allotted him unshaven; his eyes with that peculiar half stupid, half eager expression, resembling those of a subdued wild beast; really, I could hardly forbear ranking him a grade below the fine high-mettled horses of whose food he was the bearer.

There is every thing in the general appearance of the place and of the people to remind you that you are in a foreign country; towards evening the streets are thronging with the lower orders; the men all in sarapes, the women all in rebosos, without bonnets, without stockings, without dresses, the bare elbows appearing occasionally from beneath the reboso, and the short skirt displaying stout brown legs, and small feet squeezed into tight shoes. I speak of the common people. Neither do the ladies wear bonnets; but they never appear in the streets without high combs in their hair, which is neatly dressed, and partially shaded by a shawl or costly reboso, which falls over a dress made in modern style, except that they are worn much shorter than with us, which is warranted by their small feet, and the peculiar neatness of their silk stockings and satin shoes, in which they take great pride, and are not at all sparing of expense; one of their fashionable belles spending as much on her shoes and stockings in a twelvemonth as would furnish the entire wardrobe of one of our well-dressed ladies. Their fashion of walking the streets in thin silk stockings and white satin shoes, appears absurd enough to a stranger, especially when all the rest of the dress is black, as when they wear the mass dress, which is otherwise a pretty and very becoming costume. It is composed of a full, well-made dress, generally blue black of the richest materials, with tasty accompaniments of white laces, and dress handkerchiefs about the neck, a high comb in the head, round which the hair is gathered in a large braid, and veiling it lightly, and falling gracefully over the shoulders, the elegant mantilla, which only a Spanish lady knows how to wear. This dress is worn to church, or not, according to fancy, and is the favourite attire for morning calls, and for parading the streets in the forenoon, but never appears after dinner; and nothing could be more ridiculous than the display of mass dresses once made in the evening promenade by some foreign ladies who knew no better; on whom some mantillas had lighted perchance, and certainly did not hang as though the graces had placed them there.

The promenade referred to is one of those universal appendages to a Spanish town called the Alameda, which figures in the descriptions of the city of Mexico as a beautiful and extensive public walk, aid out in fine gardens, and ornamented with a variety of seats and

fountains : not such is the Alameda of Zacatecas ; being but a small inclosure in the suburbs of the town where, with considerable labour and expense, a level spot has been formed out of what was once a deep gully amongst the mountains which surround it. On one side, immediately overlooking it, is a small church, still in use yet quite out of repair ; on the other, the deserted remains of an old chapel ; in the rear, at a small distance, some dilapidated walls, the ruins of mud-built huts, and enormous piles of rubbish thrown up from vast excavations, mark the relics of a very productive mine long since exhausted. The water that gathers there is brought down to the Alameda, where it serves to irrigate the trees and shrubs there planted, and to lay the dust and refresh the walks during the dry season ; two wide gravel walks, shaded with trees, beneath which flourish abundance of rose bushes, accommodate pedestrian loungers ; and without, passes a drive for horses and carriages ; the whole is enclosed within a low wall, furnished all around with a seat, which is a part of the wall itself. Such was the Alameda when first I saw it, a pleasant and shady retreat ; yet converted into a holiday scene on the afternoons of Sundays and feast days, when it was thronged with horses and carriages, and gaily dressed citizens, to whom the favourite band, which was always stationed there for an hour or two, was a great attraction, and gave animation to the scene. The following year a Plaza de Toros was erected adjoining the Alameda, and the cool and shady walks were deserted for the noisy and bloody arena of the Bull-fight ; for all classes of citizens, and foreigners, myself in the number, had the bad taste to crowd into the amphitheatre, where the sound of the same musical instruments mingled with the cries of the combatants and the shouts of the populace. At a still later period, after the unfortunate entrance of Santa Ana, a fountain was raised in the centre of the Alameda in commemoration of the glorious event, with fulsome inscriptions to his honour ; and near were placed seats, and some large statues of liberty, and so forth, which latter were shortly after secretly demolished ; the people slyly venting their rage on the newly erected statues which they would fain have bestowed on the insolent and mustache-bedecked satellites of Santa Ana. I must again step backwards.

Immediately after our arrival in Zacatecas, in the year 1833, the cholera broke out ; and as soon as the epidemic assumed a serious character, all public amusements were put a stop to by order of the Governor. The theatre was closed, and every thing discouraged that was calculated to excite the people or induce them to collect in crowds : even the *retreta*, (which is a military band equivalent to the evening call to quarters,) was forbidden to make its accustomed rounds. In its place, nasal twanged hymns resounded, and

processions sallied forth from the churches, accompanied by long strings of women, who, it must be acknowledged, are the universal aiders and abettors of superstition ; and those insufferable public nuisances common to all nations, gangs of street urchins, paraded the stricken city every evening, bearing paper lanterns painted with religious devices, swinging torches, and yelling out prayers to the Virgin to rid them of the pest. The restrictions of the Governor were considered by many of a very beneficial character ; but I have heard physicians remark that, having a tendency to depress the popular mind, this cessation of all customary pleasure and excitement was more likely to increase the spread of the disease than to check its progress. Be that as it may, it fell lightly on Zacatecas in comparison to the havoc it made elsewhere, which may have arisen from its high, dry, and salubrious situation, without taking into account any of the peculiar mandates of the Governor.

During the six weeks' distress and sorrow which followed, not even the *doble* (death-bell) was permitted to sound, lest its dismal tolling should increase the gloom and apprehension which prevailed. On one occasion only I remember the prohibition was suspended on the decease of an officer to whose remains they paid particular respect. At the time of his death the *doble* pealed forth its solemn tones, and during the funeral ceremony, which was the most affecting and imposing thing of the kind I ever witnessed : it was conducted with military honours, and attended with a beautiful band of music subdued into the solemn notes of a dead march. A number of priests were in the procession with their flowing robes, and attendants bearing the cross and swinging censers, from which the smoking incense perfumed the air. Several officers in splendid uniforms were in attendance, and a large company of soldiers ; and in the midst the lifeless body of their commander, borne along in his open coffin, the lid of which was carried behind : he was dressed in full regimentals ; his sword lay by his side, and his plumed cap at his feet ; thus his face, with its high features tranquillized in death, and marble brow, across which the dark hair was carefully combed, lay exposed to the gaze of the multitude ; the head was cushioned on a small pillow ornamented with bows of black ribbon, and reposed so calmly that sleep, rather than death, seemed to be resting on the eyelids.

Very different are the burials of the poor, who are carried to the grave on a common open bier ; seldom or never is the decent enclosure of a coffin afforded them ; and I remember nothing in which the difference of foreign customs has been so forcibly presented to me as in the Mexican mode of conducting the interments of the dead, which we had the melancholy opportunity of witnessing in

many of its varieties at the particular time here referred to. One peculiarity is their custom of decking the corpses of the young and unmarried with flowers,—a ghastly sight it appeared to me—the brow of death encircled with a gaudy wreath, and in the cadaverous hand a bunch of roses; yet so much does habit endear ancient usages, that I have heard a simple and pious old maid rejoice in the idea that her poor body would be carried to the Campo Santo bedizened with flowers. The funeral of a child is often made a festal ceremony; for their religion teaches them that the passage of a sinless soul into the regions of bliss ought to be a subject of rejoicing, not of sorrow; and therefore a mother never wears mourning for her child, and, though her heart may be agonized with grief, its remains are carried off, gaily attired as for a festival, to the sounds of music, in which the merry notes of a violin are heard preceding the bier; and in advance of the procession green boughs are sometimes carried, and sky-rockets are sent up, as though to announce the entrance of another angel into the kingdom of Heaven. One or more priests are always in attendance, according to the rank and means of the deceased; and moving with them like satellites, always appear two or three boys, dressed in robes of white and scarlet, who bear the censers, and a high staff, on which is borne aloft that sacred emblem round which heroes have rallied; for which the good and the holy have suffered martyrdom; and in whose name,—alas for humanity—the blackest crimes have been perpetrated. When they enter the Campo Santo at last—ah me! what a scene presents itself!—Remains of the dead strewed about in every direction; bleaching bones—ghastly skulls—and women's long hair lying round in tangled masses;—surely the poet had some idea of a Mexican Campo Santo when he wrote his beautiful address “to a dead friend.”

“Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved—feed not on thoughts
So loathly horrible.”—

I was told by a friend, a person of undoubted veracity, that on a particular occasion, when he had been called upon some time previous to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of a valued friend, whilst he and a small band of foreigners were gathered round the grave, their senses were offended beyond endurance; and what was their horror on discovering that amid the freshly turned earth on which they stood lay the putrifying remains of a fellow-creature, on which they had unconsciously been trampling! This is rather a glaring instance of the disgusting indifference of the Mexicans with regard to all proper regulations in their burying grounds, and serves, amongst many others, to show their callous want of feeling

in some respects, whilst in others their hearts seem to be overflowing with sensibility. An instance occurred whilst I was in Zacatecas, in which was stamped as plainly their want of respect to the remains of the dead, though the circumstances were less revolting. During their military preparations, an old convent, standing a little above the precincts of the town, was converted into a cuartel or barracks for the civic soldiers. Many alterations and repairs were necessary, for which purpose they made a quantity of the large unburnt bricks, of which their houses are usually constructed, and in doing so did not scruple to make use of the old convent burying-ground as a brick-yard, intruding themselves at every step into the mansions of the dead, of which most unsightly relics were scattered round the workmen, mingled with every description of grave clothes; amongst them was observed a small cloth sleeve, at the end of which appeared the diminutive bone of a child's arm. It is not surprising that the wealthy frequently interest themselves to secure a place of rest for their children in the vaults under the churches, where burials are forbidden; but into which at dead of night bodies are sometimes smuggled, money being the master-key which opens even the jaws of the sepulchre.

A truce to this "loathly horrible" subject—Let us turn to brighter scenes. Hark! there is the sound of music again. The pestilence has swept onward in its path of destruction, and left us nothing but the "torrent's trace." Rejoice! rejoice!—the *retreta* is abroad; and all its loud instruments are joining in a wild chorus of triumph: it is crossing the plaza, and nearer and nearer draw the sounds of joy. Alas! they were not sounds of joy to all; they called fresh tears from the eyes of the mourners; bursting sighs from many a bereaved heart. But the joyful citizens are abroad. The sounds of the drums and the trumpets, as they issue from the cuartel, is a signal for those bent on pleasure and amusement to sally forth for a promenade, so that the streets are thronging with people who move slowly along with the musicians, and loiter round when they halt and play for awhile before the houses of such commanders and civil officers to whom the deference may be considered due. Military music is the delight of the Mexicans, and this fine band was a rallying point for all classes of citizens when the sabbath or a saint's day proclaimed a festival, which, I believe, in all Catholic countries includes a singular mixture of merry-making and religious observances.

A Sunday in Zacatecas presents a singular scene to one unaccustomed to its bustling gayeties. Even in the middle of Saturday night does its business begin; for hours before daylight you may hear the poor little donkeys' feet pelting by towards the plaza, with

the loads of fruits and vegetables they are bringing in for the Sunday market; they have been skulking round behind the hills, and now, under cover of night, are slipping in without paying duty. What is the meaning of that solemn bell at such an hour? it reminds me of Scott's description of the death bell in *Marmion*—what can be the matter?—Oh, it is nothing but the four o'clock mass they are celebrating, and at the elevation of the Host they always sound that great bell. If that's all I may as well take another nap before day-break; but that sonorous old bell peals forth such strange sounds as remind me of all sorts of old convent stories; the very thought of them set me to dreaming. I fancied I was at sea with an Abbess and some nuns near "Cuthbert's Isle," and poor Constance's death-bell was booming over the water at intervals, when suddenly the old Abbess seized on a drum, the nuns formed round her, each with some loud, brazen instrument, and the unfeeling wretches are braying out a noisy tune. The roar awoke me, and sure enough there was a donkey under my window braying at the full strength of his lungs; and marching up the street came the drums and brazen instruments. It was the reveillie, which came out with a band of music every Sunday morning; and it is well named, for who could sleep amid such sounds, and who would wish to sleep? The air was inspiring, the musicians perfect in their parts; they marched by to a quick step, and were scarcely out of sight before the band of another regiment appeared, all in holiday uniforms, making a very pretty show; yet it seemed a queer opening to the sabbath. By this time the whole city was awake, the bells were ringing to mass every hour; the shops were all opened ready for the country people, and hosts of miners and labourers from the villages around, who flock in to spend their Saturday's wages; the market folks are crowding towards the plaza; and it is really worth while to walk round that plaza on a Sunday morning, to witness the multitude there collected, and the variety of articles exposed for sale. It is singular to see the mingled productions of various climates assembled in that remote and elevated district. Most of the common fruits and vegetables of the North, beside those luscious fruits of the South, which are never seen out of the tropics. For this remarkable variety of productions they are indebted to the variety of climates existing in districts at different degrees of altitude, all of which contribute to furnish the markets of the great cities in the interior; and these products are dear and of inferior quality in proportion to the distance they have to be transported. They are exposed for sale in the open air, each stall having a matting spread round it on which the the marketing is arranged, so that nearly the whole surface of the plaza is covered over with fruits and vegetables,

about which crowds of people are idly lounging, gossiping, and bargaining. Let us thread our way through this motley throng, and join the current that is setting towards the great church called the Paroquia, which stands at the upper end of the plaza. A steep flight of steps will lead us into the court yard before the southern entrance facing the plaza. There, near the paved pathway, a group of beaux are collected in their holiday suits; brought there, doubtless, by the same laudable motives which cause our city dandies to linger round the door-ways of our fashionable churches, paying the mute homage of a stare to the "unapproachable divinities" who are flitting by towards the shrines within; they too, are a motley crew, composed of town fops in broad cloth and shining new hats; of officers, in a kind of military undress, with hair, eyes, and mustaches as black as jet; and amongst them behold a couple of blades, fresh from the city of Mexico, who are sporting kid gloves and small black canes—exquisites, evidently, in their own estimation. I contend that gross injustice is done to our sex when vanity and love of dress are peculiarly attributed to women. I never yet saw a community in which those amiable qualities were not equally distributed over both sexes; and I never beheld an individual seriously under their influence, who was not at the same time a prey to selfishness, a victim to self-idolatry, more destructive to the finer feelings of the heart than the worship of "graven images."

Mingling with the crowd, and assailing you with their importunities, miserable beggars appear; the deformed, the maimed, and the blind, loudly beseeching alms from the pious in the name of the Holy Virgin. These objects, beyond description vile and disgusting, absolutely force themselves on your notice: the distorted eye-balls of a determined old blind beggar glare on you in the very gateway; a withered arm is protruded, and you almost brush against it as you are pressed onward by the crowd; and it is with difficulty you avoid the crutches of some poor cripple who has been shattered in the mines: and these are fellow-creatures—truly it is a humiliating, and perhaps a salutary lesson, to see the deep degradation of which human nature is capable, and that in revolting contrast with the young, the gay, and the proud, all moving on towards the sacred altars, before which they must bend with the sure conviction that *there*, at least, all are equal.

On entering the church crowds of women are seen pouring in at the separate entrances, and down they kneel on the bare pavement wherever fancy dictates, only heeding that none of the large pillars which support the ceiling shall exclude from their view the altar at which the priest officiates. Round the other altars, five or six in number, are gathered groups of well-dressed women, who are no

better accommodated than the common herd, except they take advantage of the carpeting that is usually spread before the altars. Near the centre of the church are some large settees, occupied exclusively by the men ; but with women, neither sitting nor standing is admissible during the ceremony of hearing mass ; the only relief allowed from the kneeling position being a half reclining posture on the floor, with the feet carefully tucked away under the ample skirt : the head and shoulders, and lower part of the face, are completely enveloped in shawls or rebosos, from beneath which the right hand is ever ready to peep out at certain parts of the service, and make the sign of the cross most industriously over the forehead, mouth, and bosom.

I must here remark that there is an ignorant bigotry about the Mexicans which makes no distinction between different sects of Christians. They have no idea of Christianity without the pale of the Catholic church, and thus foreigners amongst them are called Jews, and are liable to be insulted as such, if they do not, by adopting some of their religious forms, prove themselves at any rate to be Christians. These remarks refer to the populace ; there are many individuals amongst the more enlightened who understand the terms heretic and protestant, and who would despise to injure a stranger on account of his religious principles ; but they take no pains to enlighten the people, and perhaps in their hearts rejoice at this stigma which is cast upon foreigners, of whom they are excessively jealous, and not without cause, as they must feel their woful inferiority when compared with other nations. Under such circumstances it requires some caution to move amongst the people, and enter their holy places without committing such breaches of religious etiquette as might expose one to inconvenient remark. It was not, therefore, without some misgivings that I first entered their principal church, and knelt down amid the crowd ; but they were all busy with their own devotions, and with their eyes fixed on the altar and the officiating priest, took little notice of me and my heresies. After that I was in the habit of attending mass frequently, which I found I could do without exciting observation, the more readily from having fashioned my appearance in some measure to the habits of the Mexicans, and it enabled me to move about with much more independence than is usually enjoyed by foreign ladies in that country ; thus I found my advantage in dropping quietly into some of their strange customs, and gliding along with the current. Indeed, common sense seems to suggest the propriety of adopting, to a reasonable extent, the peculiarities of any country in which we may happen to be sojourners. Imagine what a sensation it would create in Broadway, or in a fashionable street in any of our large cities,

to see a party of Turkish beauties gliding by in their loose trowsers and flowing veils; or a pair of Spanish ladies stepping boldly along in their short dresses, white satin shoes, and a gay coloured shawl, or the graceful mantilla thrown over their heads instead of bonnets,—not less singular does an English woman appear in the streets of a Mexican city with her large bonnet, and long dress almost sweeping the pavement, from beneath which the large, square-toed shoes look out awkwardly enough. The English ladies frequently have handsome faces; they dress neatly, even richly, and look charmingly at home; but it must be confessed they are dawdy looking figures in the street. I make these remarks *en passant*, acknowledging at the same time I have had few opportunities of comparing their appearance with that of the ladies of other countries.

I must here pause in the midst of my subject; for these long digressions have brought me to the end of my paper before I have reached more than half way through a Sunday in Zacatecas.

ROSE TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I PLUCK'D a rose for thee, sweet friend,
 Thine ever favourite flower,
 A bud I long had nurs'd for thee,
 Within my wintry bower;
 I group'd it with the fragrant leaves
 That on the myrtle grew,
 And tied it with a silken string
 Of soft, cerulean blue.

I brought the Rose to thee, sweet friend,
 And stood beside the chair
 Where sickness long thy step had chain'd,—
 But yet thou wert not there.

I turn'd me to thy curtain'd bed,
 So fair with snowy lawn,—
 Methought the unpress'd pillow said,
 "Not here,—but risen and gone."

Thy book of prayer lay open wide,
 And 'mid its leaves were seen
 A flower, with petals shrunk and dried,
 Lost Summer's wither'd queen;
 It was a flower I gave thee, friend,
 Thou lov'dst it for my sake,—
 "See,—here, a fresher one I bring,"—
 No lip in answer spake.

Then, from her sofa's quiet side
 I rais'd the covering rare,—
 "Sleep'st thou?"—upon her forehead lay
 Unstirr'd the auburn hair.
 But when to leave my cherish'd flower
 Her gentle hand I stole,—
 That icy touch!—its fearful chill
 Congeal'd my inmost soul.—

Ah, friend,—dear friend!—And can it be
 Thy last sweet word is said?—
 And all too late my token comes
 To cheer the pulseless dead?—
 Here, on thy cold, unheaving breast
 The promis'd rose I lay,
 The last poor symbol of a love
 That cannot fade away.

But thou, from yon perennial bowers
 Where free thy footsteps glide,
 Or from those shores of bliss that meet
 Life's never-wasting tide;
 Yea,—where beside our Saviour's throne
 Doth grow the immortal tree,
 Pluck thou an Angel's stainless rose,
 And keep it safe for me.

HARTFORD, *Feb.* 1837.

VON JUNG, THE MYSTIFIC.

BY E. A. POE.

I BELIEVE there are some young Americans even now in Gotham who were at the University of G——n during "the domination of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung." If so, these will not fail to remember him, and well; but they may be at a loss, nevertheless, to understand why I choose to dub the extraordinary personage in question with the odd title which forms the heading of this article. Thereby hangeth, however, a tale.

My friend, the Baron, was of a noble Hungarian family, every member of which (at least as far back into antiquity as any certain records extend,) was more or less remarkable for talent of some description—the majority for that species of *grotesquerie* in concep-

tion of which Tieck, a scion of the house, has given some vivid, although by no means the most vivid exemplifications. My acquaintance with him—with Ritzner—commenced at the magnificent Chateau Jung, into which a train of droll adventures, not to be made public, threw me par hazard during the summer months of the year 18—. Here it was I obtained a place in his regard, and here, with somewhat more difficulty, a partial insight into his mental conformation. In later days this insight grew more clear, as the intimacy which had at first permitted it became more close; and when, after three years' separation, we met at G——n, I knew all that it was necessary to know of the character of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung.

I remember the buzz of curiosity his advent excited within the college precincts on the night of the twenty-fifth of June. I remember still more distinctly, that while he was pronounced by all parties at first sight "the most remarkable man in the world," no person made any attempt at accounting for this opinion. That he was *unique*, appeared so undeniable, it was deemed not pertinent to inquire wherein the unquity consisted. But, letting this matter pass for the present, I will merely observe that, from the first moment of his setting foot within the limits of the University, he began to exercise over the habits, manners, persons, purses, moral feelings, intellectual faculties, and physical propensities of the whole community which surrounded him, an influence the most extensive, the most absolutely despotic, yet at the same time the most indefinite, inappreciable, and altogether unaccountable. Thus the brief period of his residence at the University forms an era in its annals, and is characterized by all classes of people appertaining to it or its dependencies as "that very extraordinary epoch forming the domination of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung."

I have seen—and be it here borne in mind that the gentlemen still living in Gotham who have been with myself witness of these things will have full recollection of the passages to which I now merely allude—I have seen, then, the most outrageously preposterous of events brought about by the most intangible and apparently inadequate of means. I have seen—what, indeed, have I not seen? I have seen Villanova, the danseuse, lecturing in the chair of National Law, and I have seen D——, P——, T——, and Von C——, all enraptured with her profundity. I have seen the protector, the consul, and the whole faculty aghast at the convolutions of a weathercock. I have seen Sontag received with hisses, and a hurdy-gurdy with sighs. I have seen an ox-cart, with oxen, on the summit of the Rotunda. I have seen all the pigs of G——n in periwigs, and all her cows in canonicals. I have seen fifteen hundred voci-

ferous cats in the steeple of St. P——. I have seen the college chapel bombarded—I have seen the college ramparts most distressingly placarded—I have seen the whole world by the ears—I have seen old Wertemuller in tears—and, more than all, I have seen such events come to be regarded as the most reasonable, commendable, and inevitable things in creation, through the silent, yet all-pervading and magical influence of the dominator Baron Ritzner Von Jung.

Upon the Baron's advent to G——n, he sought me out in my apartments. He was then of no particular age—by which I mean that it was impossible to form a guess respecting his age by any data personally afforded. He might have been fifteen or fifty, and *was* twenty-one years and seven months. In stature he was about my own height, say five feet eight inches. He was by no means a handsome man—perhaps rather the reverse. The contour of his face was somewhat angular and harsh. His forehead was lofty and very fair; his nose a snub; his eyes large, heavy, glassy and meaningless. About the mouth there was more to be observed. The lips were gently protruded, and rested the one upon the other after such fashion that it is impossible to conceive any, even the most complex, combination of human features, conveying so utterly, and so singly, the idea of unmitigated gravity, solemnity, and repose. My readers have thus the physical Baron before them. What I shall add respecting those mental peculiarities to which I have as yet only partially adverted, will be told in my own words—for I find that, in speaking of my friend, I have been falling unwittingly into one of the many odd literary mannerisms of the dominator Baron Ritzner Von Jung.

It will be perceived, no doubt, from what I have already said, that the Baron was neither more nor less than one of those human anomalies now and then to be found, who make the science of *mystification* the study and the business of their lives. For this science a peculiar turn of mind gave him instinctively the cue, while his physical appearance afforded him unusual facilities for carrying his projects into effect. I firmly believe that no student at G——n, during that renowned epoch so quaintly termed the domination of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung, ever rightly entered into the mystery which overshadowed his character. I truly think that no person at the University, with the exception of myself, ever suspected him to be capable of a joke, verbal or practical—the old bull-dog at the garden-gate would sooner have been accused—the ghost of Heraclitus—or the wig of the Emeritus Professor of Theology. This, too, when it was evident that the most egregious and unpardonable of all conceivable tricks, whimsicalities, and buffooneries were

brought about, if not directly by him, at least plainly through his intermediate agency or connivance. The beauty, if I may so call it, of his *art mystifique* lay in that consummate ability (resulting from an almost intuitive knowledge of human nature, and the most wonderful self-possession,) by means of which he never failed to make it appear that the drolleries he was occupied in bringing to a point, arose partly in spite, and partly in consequence of the laudable efforts he was making for their prevention, and for the preservation of the good order and dignity of Alma Mater. The deep, the poignant, the overwhelming mortification which, upon each such failure of his praiseworthy endeavours, would suffuse every lineament of his countenance, left not the slightest room for doubt of his sincerity in the bosoms of even his most sceptical companions. The adroitness, too, was no less worthy of observation by which he contrived to shift the sense of the grotesque from the creator to the created—from his own person to the absurdities to which he had given rise. How this difficult point was accomplished I have become fully aware by means of a long course of observation on the oddities of my friend, and by means of frequent dissertations on the subject from himself; but upon this matter I cannot dilate. In no instance, however, before that of which I speak, have I known the habitual mystific escape the natural consequence of his manœuvres, an attachment of the ludicrous to his own character and person. Continually enveloped in an atmosphere of whim, my friend appeared to live only for the severities of society; and not even his own household have for a moment associated other ideas than those of the rigid and august with the memory of the Baron Ritzner Von Jung.

To enter fully into the labyrinths of the Baron's finesse, or even to follow him in that droll career of practical mystification which gave him so wonderful an ascendancy over the mad spirits of G——n, would lead me to a far greater length than I have prescribed to myself in this article. I may dwell upon these topics hereafter, and then not *in petto*. I am well aware that in tracing minutely and deliberately to their almost magical results the operations of an intellect like that of Ritzner, wherein an hereditary and cultivated taste for the bizarre was allied with an intuitive acumen in regard to the every-day impulses of the heart—(acumen which amounted to positive morbidity,) an untrodden field would be found to lie open before me, rich in novelty and vigour, of emotion and incident, and abounding in rare food for both speculation and analysis. But this, I have already said, could not be accomplished in little space. Moreover, the Baron is still living in Belgium, and it is not without the limits of the possible that his eye may rest upon what I am now

writing. I shall be careful, therefore, not to disclose, *at least thus and here*, the mental machinery which he has a pleasure, however whimsical, in keeping concealed. An anecdote at random, however, may convey some idea of the *spirit* of his *pratique*. The *method* varied *ad infinitum*; and in this well-sustained variety lay chiefly the secret of that unsuspectedness with which his multifarious operations were conducted.

During the epoch of the domination it really appeared that the demon of the *dolce far niente* lay like an incubus upon the University. Nothing was done, at least, beyond eating and drinking, and making merry. The apartments of the students were converted into so many pot-houses, and there was no pot-house of them all more famous or more frequented than that of your humble servant, and the Baron Ritzner Von Jung—for it must be understood that we were chums. Our carousals here were many, and boisterous, and long, and never unfruitful of events.

Upon one occasion we had protracted our sitting until nearly day-break, and an unusual quantity of wine had been drunk. The company consisted of seven or eight individuals besides the Baron and myself. Most of these were young men of wealth, of high connexion, of great family pride, and all alive with an exaggerated sense of honour. They abounded in the most ultra German opinions respecting the *duello*. To these Quixottic notions some recent Parisian publications, backed by three or four desperate and fatal rencontres at G——n, had given new vigour and impulse; and thus the conversation during the greater part of the night had run wild upon the all-engrossing topic of the times. The Baron, who had been unusually silent and abstracted in the earlier portion of the evening, at length seemed to be aroused from his apathy, took a leading part in the discourse, and dwelt upon the benefits, and more especially upon the beauties, of the received code of etiquette in passages of arms, with an ardour, an eloquence, an impressiveness, and if I may so speak, an affectionateness of manner which elicited the warmest enthusiasm from his hearers in general, and absolutely staggered even myself, who well knew him to be at heart a ridiculer of those very points for which he contended, and especially to hold the entire *fanfaronade* of etiquette in the sovereign contempt which it deserves.

Looking around me during a pause in the Baron's discourse, (of which my readers may gather some faint idea when I say that it bore resemblance to the fervid, chanting, monotonous, yet musical sermonic manner of Coleridge,) I perceived symptoms of even more than the general interest in the countenance of one of the party. This gentleman, whom I shall call Hermann, was an original in

every respect, except perhaps in the single particular that he was one of the greatest asses in all Christendom. He contrived to bear, however, among a particular set at the University, a reputation for deep metaphysical thinking, and, I believe, for some logical talent. His personal appearance was so peculiar that I feel confident my outline of him will be recognized at once by all who have been in company with the model. He was one of the tallest men I have ever seen, being full six feet and a half. His proportions were singularly *mal-apropos*. His legs were brief, bowed, and very slender; while above them arose a trunk worthy of the Farnesian Hercules. His shoulders, nevertheless, were round, his neck long although thick, and a general stoop forward gave him a slouching air. His head was of colossal dimensions, and overshadowed by a dense mass of straight raven hair, two huge locks of which, stiffly plastered with pomatum, extended with a lachrymose air down the temples, and partially over the cheek bones—a fashion which of late days has wormed itself (the wonder is that it has not arrived here before) into the good graces of the denizens of Gotham. But the face itself was the chief oddity. The upper region was finely proportioned, and gave indication of the loftiest species of intellect. The forehead was massive and broad, the organs of ideality over the temples, as well as those of causality, comparison, and eventuality, which betray themselves above the *os frontis*, being so astonishingly developed as to attract the instant notice of every person who saw him. The eyes were full, brilliant, beaming with what might be mistaken for intelligence, and well relieved by the short, straight, picturesque-looking eyebrow, which is perhaps one of the surest indications of general ability. The aquiline nose, too, would have done honour to a Hebrew medallion; certainly nothing more magnificent was ever beheld, nothing more delicate nor more exquisitely modelled. All these things were well enough, as I have said; it was the inferior portions of the visage which abounded in deformity, and which gave the lie instantaneously to the tittle-tattle of the superior. The upper lip (a huge lip in length) had the appearance of being swollen as by the sting of a bee, and was rendered still more atrocious by a little spot of very black mustachio immediately beneath the nose. The under lip, apparently disgusted with the gross obesity of its fellow, seemed bent upon resembling it as little as might be, and getting as far removed from it as possible. It was accordingly very curt and thin, hanging back as if utterly ashamed of being seen; while the chin, retreating still an inch or two farther, might have been taken for—any thing in the universe but a chin.

In this abrupt transition, or rather descent, in regard to character, from the upper to the lower regions of the face, an analogy was

preserved between the face itself and the body at large, whose peculiar construction I have spoken of before. The result of the entire conformation was, that opinions directly conflicting were daily entertained in respect to the personal appearance of Hermann. Erect, he was absolutely hideous, and seemed to be, what in fact he really was, a fool. At table, with his hand covering the lower part of his visage, (an attitude of deep meditation which he much affected,) truly I never witnessed a more impressive *tableau* than his general appearance presented. As a duellist he had acquired great renown, even at G——n—I forget the precise number of victims who had fallen at his hands—but they were many. He was a man of courage undoubtedly. But it was upon his minute acquaintance with the etiquette of the duello, and the *nicety* of his sense of honour, that he most especially prided himself. These things were a hobby which he rode to the death. To Ritzner, ever upon the look-out for the grotesque, his peculiarities, bodily and mental, had for a long time past afforded food for mystification. Of this, however, I was not aware, although in the present instance I saw clearly that something of a whimsical nature was upon the *tapis* with my chum, and that Hermann was its especial object.

As the former proceeded in his discourse, or rather monologue, I perceived the excitement of Hermann momentarily increasing. At length he spoke, offering some objection to a point insisted upon by R., and giving his reasons in detail. To these the Baron replied at length (still maintaining his exaggerated tone of sentiment), and concluding, in what I thought very bad taste, with a sarcasm and a sneer. The hobby of Hermann now took the reins in his teeth. This I could discern by the studied hair-splitting farrago of his rejoinder. His last words I distinctly remember. "Your opinions, allow me to say, Baron Von Jung, although in the main correct, are in many nice points, discreditable to yourself and to the University of which you are a member. In a few respects they are even unworthy of serious refutation. I would say more than this, Sir, were it not for the fear of giving you offence, (here the speaker smiled blandly,) I would say, Sir, that your opinions are not the opinions to be expected from a gentleman."

As Hermann completed this equivocal sentence, all eyes were turned upon the Baron. He became very pale, then excessively red, then, dropping his pocket-handkerchief, stooped to recover it, when I caught a glimpse of his countenance while it could be seen by no one else at the table. It was radiant with the quizzical expression which was its natural character, but which I had never seen it assume except when we were alone together, and when he unbent himself freely. In an instant afterwards he stood erect, confronting

Hermann, and so total an alteration of countenance in so short a period I certainly never witnessed before. For a moment I even fancied that I had misconceived him, and that he was in sober earnest. He appeared to be stifling with passion, and his face was cadaverously white. For a short time he remained silent, apparently striving to master his emotion. Having at length seemingly succeeded, he reached a decanter which stood near him, saying, as he held it firmly clenched—"The language you have thought proper to employ, Mynheer Hermann, in addressing yourself to me, is objectionable in so many particulars, that I have neither temper nor time for specification. That my opinions, however, are not the opinions to be expected from a gentleman, is an observation so directly offensive, as to allow me but one line of conduct. Some courtesy, nevertheless, is due to the presence of this company, and to yourself, at the present moment, as my guest. You will pardon me, therefore, if, upon this consideration, I deviate slightly from the general usage among gentlemen in similar cases of personal affront. You will forgive me for the moderate tax I shall make upon your imagination, and endeavour to consider, for an instant, the reflection of your person in yonder mirror as the living Mynheer Hermann himself. This being done there will be no difficulty whatever. I shall discharge this decanter of wine at your image in yonder mirror, and thus fulfil all the spirit, if not the exact letter, of resentment for your insult, while the necessity of physical violence to your real person will be obviated." With these words he hurled the decanter full of wine furiously against the mirror which hung directly opposite Hermann, striking the reflection of his person with great precision, and of course shattering the glass into fragments. The whole company at once started to their feet, and, with the exception of myself and Ritzner, took their hats for departure. As Hermann went out, the Baron whispered me that I should follow him and make an offer of my services. To this I agreed, not knowing precisely what to make of so ridiculous a piece of business.

The duellist accepted my aid with his usual stiff, and ultra-recherché air, and taking my arm, led me to his apartment. I could hardly forbear laughing in his face while he proceeded to discuss with the profoundest gravity what he termed "the refinedly peculiar character" of the insult he had received. After a long harangue in his ordinary style, he took down from his book shelves a pretty thick octavo, written in barbarous Latin by one Hedelin a Frenchman, and having the quaint title, "*Duelli Lex scripta, et non, aliterque.*" From this he read me one of the drollest chapters in the world concerning "*Injuriae per applicationem, per constructionem, et per se,*" about half of which, he averred, was strictly applicable to

his own "refinedly peculiar" case, although not one syllable of the whole matter could I understand for the life of me. Having finished the chapter he closed the book, and demanded what I thought necessary to be done. I replied that I had entire confidence in his superior delicacy of feeling, and would abide by what he proposed. With this answer he seemed flattered, and sat down to write a note to the Baron. It ran thus :

"Sir,

My friend, Mr. P——, will hand you this note. I find it incumbent upon me to request, at your earliest convenience, an explanation of this evening's occurrences at your chambers. In the event of your declining this request, Mr. P. will be happy to arrange with any friend whom you may appoint, the steps preliminary to a meeting.

With sentiments of perfect respect,

To the Baron Ritzner Von Jung.
August 18th., 18—.

Your most humble servant,
JOHAN HERMANN."

Not knowing what better to do, I called upon Ritzner with this epistle. He bowed as I presented it, and, with a grave countenance, motioned me to a seat. He then said that he was aware of the contents of the note, and that, of course, it would be unnecessary for him to peruse it. With this, to my great astonishment, he repeated the letter nearly verbatim, handing me, at the same time, an already written reply. This, which ran as follows, I carried to Hermann.

"Sir,

Through our common friend, Mr. P., I have received your note of this evening. Upon due reflection I frankly admit the propriety of the explanation you suggest. This being admitted, I still find great difficulty, (owing to the *refinedly peculiar* nature of our disagreement, and of the personal affront offered on my part,) in so wording what I have, to say by way of apology, as to meet all the minute exigencies, and, as it were, all the variable shadows of the case. I have great reliance, however, on that extreme delicacy of discrimination, in matters appertaining to the rules of etiquette, for which you have been so long and so pre-eminently distinguished. With perfect certainty, therefore, of being comprehended, I beg leave, in lieu of offering any sentiments of my own, to refer you to the opinions of the Sieur Hédelin, as set forth in the ninth paragraph of the chapter on "*Injuriae per applicationem, per constructionem, et per se*" in his "*Duelli Lex scripta, et non, aliterque.*" The nicety of your discernment in all the matters here treated of will be sufficient, I am assured, to convince you that the mere circumstance alone

of my referring you to this admirable passage ought to satisfy your request, as a man of honour, for explanation.

With sentiments of profound respect,

The Herr Johan Hermann.

August 18th., 18—.

Your most obedient servant,

VON JUNG."

Hermann commenced the perusal of this epistle with a scowl, which, however, was converted into a smile of the most ludicrous self-complacency as he came to the rigmarole about *Injuriae per applicationem, per constructionem, et per se*. Having finished reading, he begged me, with the blindest of all possible airs, to be seated while he made reference to the treatise in question. Turning to the passage specified, he read it with great care to himself, then closed the book, and desired me, in my character of confidential acquaintance, to express to the Baron Von Jung his exalted sense of his chivalrous behaviour, and, in that of second, to assure him that the explanation offered was of the fullest, the most honourable, and the most unequivocally satisfactory nature. Somewhat amazed at all this I made my retreat to the Baron. He seemed to receive Hermann's amicable letter as a matter of course, and, after a few words of general conversation, went to an inner room and brought out the everlasting treatise "*Duelli Lex scripta, et non, aliterque*." He handed me the volume and asked me to look over some portion of it. I did so, but to little purpose, not being able to gather the least particle of definite meaning. He then took the book himself, and read me a chapter aloud. To my extreme surprise what he read proved to be a most horribly grotesque account of a duel between two baboons. He now explained the mystery, showing that the volume, as it appeared *primâ facie*, was written upon the plan of the nonsense verses of Du Bartas; that is to say, the language was ingeniously framed so as to present to the ear all the outward signs of intelligibility, and even of profound analysis, while in fact not a shadow of meaning existed, except in insulated sentences. The key to the whole was found in leaving out every second and third word alternately, when there appeared a series of ludicrous quizzes upon the duello.

The Baron afterwards informed me that he had purposely thrown the treatise in Hermann's way two or three weeks before the adventure, and that he was satisfied from the general tenor of his conversation that he had studied it with the deepest attention, and firmly believed it to be a work of unusual profundity. Upon this hint he proceeded. Hermann would have died a thousand deaths rather than acknowledge his inability to understand any and every thing in the universe that had ever been written about the duello.

THE BETRAYED.

No lettered stone is here
 To tell who sleeps beneath,
 But her sisters have decked her lonely grave
 With flowers, like a bridal wreath;
 For she prayed, as she lay on her dying bed,
 That they would come at morn and eve,
 And scatter the wild flowers over her head,
 That might wither indeed, but could never deceive;
 So they buried her here, and sprinkled her grave
 With flowers, as she had prayed;
 And oh! how like are their withered leaves
 To the fate of the lovely maid.

For she had thrown the priceless gem
 Of her own pure love away,
 Like a flower that is plucked from its parent stem,
 And left in its bloom to decay.
 For she dreamed, when the gallant stranger bowed,
 In his spirit's pride to her,
 That he would remain, as he had vowed,
 Her changeless worshipper.
 And she lavished on him the warmest love
 That ever an earthly maiden felt,
 Till she left the shrine of her God above,
 And her heart at an earthly altar knelt.

Oh! if there is one holy spot
 Upon this tainted earth,
 Where sin and falsehood enter not,
 And nothing of evil has birth;
 But all is holy, and pure, and bright,
 Like the light of the moon in a cloudless night;
 'Tis a maiden's young and innocent heart,
 Who hath given herself away,
 With a love that never can depart,
 Nor weaken for ever and aye.

His love grew cold, and his altered eye,
 Which once had sparkled when she was nigh,
 Was averted now with a look of pain,
 That grew at length to a cold disdain.
 He loved her not. He, unto whom
 She had given the freshness of Life's first bloom—
 Yet her love for him could never depart,
 She had lavish'd the pearl of her woman's heart,

And her peace could not return ;
 And now she felt, that though never again
 She might gaze on him, the fire in her brain
 Till she slept in the grave must burn.
 And yet she murmured not, nor wept,
 Though the bloom of her beauty faded away,
 And over her cheek the paleness crept,
 Which speaks of the spirit's decay.
 No tear escaped from her burning eye,
 And her throbbing bosom heaved no sigh,
 But ever she gazed on the vacant air
 With the awful calmness of deep despair.

They bore her away to a milder clime,
 And they thought to dispel the gloom,
 Which had robbed, in her girlhood's earliest prime,
 Her cheek of its beautiful bloom :
 They thought that the wonders of ancient art
 Could heal the wounds of a broken heart,
 And they bade her look on the sculptured forms
 Which mortal hands had wrought,
 Till nothing was wanting to make them divine
 But the God-like gift of thought.
 But she gazed on all with a careless eye,
 For her heart and her home were far away,
 And she prayed that she might return and die,
 When she felt her strength decay.
 At length to a green hill's shady height
 They bore her to mark the sun's decline,
 And her dark eye shone with a flashing light
 As in childhood's morn it was wont to shine :
 And when from that clear and cloudless sky
 The sun went down—with a swimming eye,
 And a throbbing heart, and a burning cheek,
 Thus did the lovely maiden speak :—

“ So let me die ! so let me die !
 When my earthly course is done,
 As fades in yonder cloudless sky
 The light of the setting sun.
 To my innocent childhood's happy home,
 O ! let me once more return—
 Where the light of life thus calmly may fade
 When its fire shall cease to burn.

I have wandered far, and have gazed on all
 Ye have shown to my wearied eye,
 And now, to my father's ancient hall
 O ! let me return and die ;
 The hand of death is busy now—
 Its coldness is at my heart,
 And its paleness has crept o'er my cheek and brow,
 Why may I not depart !

I may not live—for a hidden grief
 Is stealing my life away,
 And my spirit droops like a withered leaf,
 In the heat of a summer day.
 Why o'er the earth should I longer roam
 With a wearied heart and eye,
 O! bear me once more to my childhood's home,
 And leave me in peace to die."

They brought her home, as she prayed, to die,
 And calmly she faded away,
 As the twilight fades from the evening sky
 At the close of a summer day.
 Slowly and sadly her strength declined,
 But her eye was mild and her heart resigned—
 And her fluttering pulse grew less and less,
 Till she sank to rest in her loveliness.
 And thus the soul of this beautiful maid,
 With a peace, that only to such is given,
 At the sunset hour, as she had prayed,
 Was borne to its home of rest in Heaven.

D.

A LEGEND OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BY MISS. E. B. CLARKE.

"Tho' spoken they of Canacees' ring,
 And saiden all, that swiche a wonder thing
 Of craft of ringes herd they never non,—
 Save that he Moises, and king Solomon,
 Hadden a name of conning in swiche art."

Chaucer.

THE broad pallid light of the moon streamed upon the deserted streets of Paris, and its low mud-walled houses were hushed in the quiet of repose, on a glorious summer's night a thousand years' ago.

Beside an open casement in one of these silent abodes, sat a young girl in an attitude of deep meditation. The rude window of isinglass was thrown back upon its hinges, and a ghastly splendour from the skies fell full upon her thoughtful features. Even when invested with this deceptive radiance, the countenance of the damsel appeared far from beautiful; but there was a passionate earnestness of soul beaming from her dark, upraised eyes, which evinced that there was a gem within of inestimable value, however unadorned might be the casket which contained it.

A few straggling moonbeams revealed the interior of the dwelling. It apparently consisted of one large comfortless apartment,

with a small square closet in the centre, into which there was no obvious entrance. Unhewn rafters projected from the outer walls, whose interstices were filled with a stiff cement of clay; but the partitions of the inner room were constructed with scrupulous nicety. Rough planks, closely laid, formed the floor of the habitation; and a slight aperture in the roof, with a few stones beneath, sufficed for the purposes of a chimney. Four or five wooden stools, and a couch of rushes, comprised the list of household chattels. The whole presented a scene that, to a modern eye, would have appeared scarcely superior to a barbarian's cabin.

A loud knock from without aroused the maiden from her reverie, and hastily arising, she removed a slight bar that guarded the ponderous door. A tall figure, enveloped in the folds of a dark cloak, stood before her.

"I would speak with Grimwald the magician," said this nocturnal visitant, in tones low, yet peculiarly sweet.

"I will conduct you to his presence," replied the damsel; and re-adjusting the bolt she had displaced, led the way to that inner room of which we have already made mention.

"Enter!" said a deep, manly voice, as she tapped lightly against the wall; and a panel, gliding noiselessly aside, admitted herself and the stranger into this mysterious chamber.

The opening closed behind them as they advanced, and not a trace remained of any visible mode of egress.

An intense brightness, for a few moments, blinded the visitant; but his eye soon became accustomed to the glare, and he proceeded to take a survey of the apartment into which he had been thus strangely ushered.

The first objects that he descried were a steep flight of stairs, arising from the centre of the room to a dome overhead, and a marble table at their base, whereon stood the lamp that emitted the effulgence which had dazzled him.

Upon a sort of dais, not far removed, sat a man in the very prime of life. He had been poring over a huge volume with brazen hasps; but he closed it when he beheld the stranger. His noble and placid features were unmarked by a line of age; yet his long flowing hair was as white as if it had been blanched with the snows of centuries. His eyes were of a dark melancholy blue, and his whole countenance was replete with an expression of sad benevolence.

The dress of this singular personage in no wise differed from that commonly worn by the middling classes in those days; but around his waist was tied a sash, whose embroidery of mystic symbols sufficiently denoted his supernal pretensions.

The stranger was in *his* turn subjected to a minute scrutiny from

the magician and his conductress ; but he was so closely muffled, that a remarkable stature was the only distinguishing trait obvious in his appearance.

"Thy fame has reached me, Grimwald," said he at length, in the same low tones of melody with which he had previously accosted the maiden. "The world speaks vauntingly of thy skill, and I have come to put it to the trial. She who gave me birth is lying upon a couch of pain, from which the leeches affirm she will never arise ; but I would learn of *thee*, magician, whether there is yet hope of her recovery."

"Bertha will *live*, Prince Charles," replied Grimwald calmly, fixing his eyes intently upon his shrouded guest.

"Ha ! thou know'st me, then," exclaimed the stranger, suffering his cloak to fall, and displaying a form moulded in the noblest proportions of early manhood, and a countenance worthy of *such* a form. "Thou knowest me ; and it speaks well for the truth of thy prediction. Thanks, good Grimwald ; thou hast lightened my heart of a heavy burthen, and shall find that Prince Charles is no niggard in his gratitude."

"I receive not money from the *doomed* !" said the magician, sadly, averting his face from a bright handful of gold that was proffered him as a guerdon by the prince.

"Darest thou refuse my bounty, base hind ?" exclaimed Charles haughtily, drawing himself up to the full height of his gigantic altitude.

"Forgive me, my noble lord," said Grimwald, humbly. "It was no miserable pride in thy servant that led him to refuse thy gracious gift, but it is a rule of our order to accept no gratuity from palms which are marked with the lines of death ; and those fatal characters, mighty prince, were traced in *that* hand which was but now outstretched for my reward."

"Is it so then ?" said the prince, thoughtfully, replacing the rejected pieces of gold in his girdle. "The rule thou speakest of is a *strange* one, Grimwald, and, methinks, not over courteous to those who are so soon to be the companions of angels. But must I die before I have achieved a single deed that will enrol me among my heroic ancestors ?"

"The messenger of Death stays not his shaft for the purposes of ambition, my lord !" replied the magician solemnly.

"It matters not," said the prince, after a moment's pause, with collected firmness. "Let but thy words prove true as it regards Bertha, Grimwald, and I shall heed not their fulfilment in my own doom. Other champions will arise to do the battles of France, and God himself will strike in her behalf."

During this singular colloquy the countenance of the damsel had undergone many changes, but the bright eye of Charles rested not upon her homely lineaments.

"It waxes late, my daughter," said Grimwald, in a tone of parental affection, after the prince had taken his departure. "Let us quit this dreary scene."

So saying, he pushed aside the light platform on which he had been sitting, and removing a heavy stone, there appeared beneath a wide, yawning chasm. A long staircase of granite stretched down into its depths; and the magician and his daughter, after securing their dwelling against intruders, and extinguishing the lamp which had hitherto guided them, descended into this gloomy abyss.

From the darkness they had left the scene changes, with a brilliant transition, to a vast subterranean apartment, vaulted with white marble, and hung with rich folds of silken tapestry. From the midst of the arched ceiling was suspended that living gem, the priceless carbuncle; and its rays afforded a mid-day splendour. Beneath it lay a carpet, so thick as to give no echo to the foot-fall; and lighted up by that wonderful stone, it looked more like the soft moss of some ancient forest, with its broidery of summer flowers, than aught else within the range of comparison. A table of bronze, supported by antique statues, was loaded with tempting delicacies; and near it, upon a couch of silver tissue, reclined that same Grimwald who had been so recently surrounded by all the coarse details of poverty. Before him knelt the maiden whom he had called his child; and an expression of troubled anxiety was depicted on her face, which contrasted strangely with the luxury that surrounded her.

"My father," murmured the youthful suppliant, pressing the hand of the magician to her lips, "my father, *must* he die?"

"*It is written*, Himiltruda!" replied Grimwald. "Would'st thou cancel the decrees of Fate?"

"Are there *no* means by which his doom may be averted?" continued the damsel. *So young, so brave, so noble; must he die, my Father?*"

"He must," replied the magician firmly. "It is registered in the archives of heaven; and *thy* life-blood alone, Himiltruda, could efface those characters of flame."

"O, let *me* be the victim then!" exclaimed Himiltruda, clasping her hands with vehement energy. "Is *my* worthless life to be balanced against that of the noblest prince in Christendom? Now, even now, my Father, consummate the glorious sacrifice."

"Alas! my child," said Grimwald sadly, "is thy young heart so early stricken? Hast thou ever looked upon the prince, Himiltruda, before thou sawest him to-night?"

A deep blush burned upon the dark cheek of the maiden, and her accents were low and embarrassed.

"I have often watched him," replied she, "as he rode past our dwelling on his fiery barb, clad in the armour of a warrior; and far, oh, how far above all his train did he tower with a godlike majesty!"

"Is that *all* that thou hast seen of him, Himiltruda?" continued the magician, searchingly. "Didst thou never before listen to his voice?"

For a moment the young girl hesitated in her reply; but filial frankness triumphed over womanly diffidence.

"Once, my father," said she, "thou didst send me to the leech for a potent herb, and the shadows of twilight came on before I arrived at our threshold. A troop of horsemen encountered me in the chief street of the city who had apparently been indulging in wassail, for their voices were loud and clamorous. One of them jeered at my homely aspect; but Prince Charles, who was riding beside him, cried, "Shame, Carloman; the damsel is of gentle mien;" and I passed on, unmolested by further scoffings.

"And thou dost *love* this noble prince, my poor child?" said Grimwald, in accents of the tenderest pity. And thou would'st *die*, meek dove, that the eagle may still soar towards the sun."

The gentle girl dropped her head upon her bosom, and silence was her most eloquent confession.

"Must I then see thee pine, my Himiltruda, through long and cheerless years, like a plant from which the nourishment of heaven is withdrawn?" continued the magician. "I *know* thy constant heart, and sure am I that happiness will never again be thine. 'Twere better to *die* at once, than thus to drag on a miserable *life*!"

"Thou consentest then, my father," cried the maiden, clasping the knees of Grimwald. "Joy! joy! Prince Charles is saved!"

"Alas! alas!" said the magician, as if forgetful of her presence. "And yet the innocent child is right in contemning life! For more than two hundred years have I walked this weary world; and now that I have won the keys of knowledge, and subjected the spirits of the elements, gladly would I lay down in the cold grave, and shut my eyes for ever upon the creations of enchantment. But this may not be. Age after age shall roll away before the time will come for the angel of death to summon me. Once, once only, have I loved; and never again will my heart warm with the impulses of earthly passion. Shall I then chain down this high-souled being, bequeathed me by that idol of my affections, to a world which, for her, will have lost all its power of pleasing, in order that, during the short term of her mortal existence, I may have a companion to beguile my solitude? No! thy prayer is granted, Himiltruda!

The prince shall live ; and thou, my daughter, shalt take his place. Yet a few brief years of happiness shall be allotted thee. Thou shalt be adored by him whom thou hast saved ; and even after thy death, he shall prefer thee to any *living* love. A long life shall be *his*—and that life shall be one of conquest and of glory.”

A beam of extatic joy lighted up the features of the maiden, and she kissed the lips which had proclaimed her doom with all the fervour of rapturous gratitude.

Seven years had passed since this promise of Grimwald. King Pepin slumbered with his fathers, and his sons Charles and Charlo-man were seated upon the throne of France. Many had been the whispers of the courtiers, and strange the tales that had been bruited, when, from all the fairest daughters of the land, prince Charles had singled out the unattractive Himiltruda as the lady of his love. Those whispers were now, however, hushed, and the tales of malice had long died away among the supple throng ; for a crown wreathed the brow of that once lowly maiden, and the heart of her royal consort was undividedly her's.

At the close of a long sultry day, after the perplexing duties of state had been all discharged, king Charles sought the apartment of his adored Himiltruda.

Surrounded by her maidens, she was busily engaged in a work of female skill ; for even *royal* ladies, in those days, did not disdain to be industrious.

“Methinks thou art sad, my love !” exclaimed the monarch endearingly, after the attendants had withdrawn. “Is there aught that troubles thee, Himiltruda ? Wilt thou not smile upon thy Charles, and repay him, by one bright glance, for all those vexatious toils which keep him from thy side ?”

“Alas ! my lord,” said the queen, attempting faintly to comply with his request, “during all this day my heart has been oppressed with an unwonted weight. I have longed to behold thee, and have chid the tardy hours that they sped not faster ; yet now that thou art here, a still deeper gloom steals upon my soul.”

“Thus let me dispel it, sweet !” exclaimed Charles, imprinting a fond caress upon her brow.

“Unworthy am I, my lord, to be thus beloved,” said Himiltruda mournfully. “No eye, save thine, can discern in me a single charm.”

“And does not that suffice, my queen ?” said the monarch proudly. I require neither the plaudits of my subjects, nor the approval of my royal brother, to invest her whom I have chosen with additional lustre. I will be my own judge of what is lovely ; and truly

do I deem, my Himiltruda, that thou hast not thy peer upon this earth. From the time when I first beheld thee in an ante-chamber of my father's palace, thou hast reigned the mistress of my soul, as thou now dost the sovereign of my dominions."

"These are honeyed words, Charles," said the queen, "and they fall gratefully upon my ear; but confess, flatterer, didst thou never see one who resembled me?"

"Never!" replied the king; "and yet I have often thought that thou didst recall some long vanished recollection. But it was only fancy—or, perchance, ere my eyes were gladdened with thy beauty, thou wert shadowed forth in the visions of my slumber. It is affirmed by sages that those circumstances and persons who are fated to exert an influence upon our destiny, haunt us from our earliest childhood; but I have not much faith in the sayings of seers, Himiltruda. Seven years' ago I consulted one of the fraternity named Grimwald, and the lying knave told me that I should speedily die. Perhaps he had been employed to compass his prediction, and was foiled by some interposition of my good angel; for soon after he suddenly disappeared, and has never been heard of since."

"Thou art *wrong*, my lord, in thus despising the announcements of heaven," said Himiltruda solemnly. "There *is* truth in these mysterious messages. It has been revealed to me, Charles, that *this night* I must leave thee, and thou now understandest the cause of the sorrow thou hast blamed. Before that water has ceased dropping," continued she, pointing to an instrument resembling an hour glass which stood near, "I shall no longer be sensible to thy affection."

"These are idle fancies, my love," exclaimed the king, encircling her in his arms; "for the sake of thy Charles, let me entreat thee to banish them."

While he yet spake, a mortal paleness overspread the countenance of Himiltruda, and gasping for breath, she fell back powerless in his embrace.

"Ho! within there!" cried Charles in agony. "Help! help! the queen is dying!"

One gentle pressure of his trembling hand, one glance of unutterable tenderness from those glazing orbs, and the form which he supported became a cold and breathless burthen.

Summoned by his cries, the attendants came thronging to the scene. Restoratives were applied, prayers were breathed; but the soul of the young queen was beyond the recall of science or of piety.

The rushing pinions of Time swept on, and the career of Charlemagne was at its acme of glory. The death of his colleague

Carloman had early left him sole monarch of France ; and, supported by his chivalrous Paladins, he achieved victory after victory, until at last the iron crown of Italy was added to his hereditary diadem.

Was the conqueror *happy* ? Had he forgotten his Himiltruda ?

Reposing in a jewelled coffin, and clad in imperial robes, the embalmed body of that lost one accompanied him in all his peaceful journeyings and warlike expeditions. The policy of state had wedded him to another ; but his *heart* was still constant to his first love. From the halls of regal splendour, and the acclaiming shouts of myriads, he would steal away to the lonely turret or the silent tent which contained those lifeless remains, and straining them wildly to his breast, give way to the bitterness of inextinguishable grief.

Returning from that memorable visit to Rome when all the magnificence of the Cæsars seemed revived to do him honour, Charlemagne, with his family and court, paused for awhile at Parma.

The palace assigned for their temporary occupancy stood in the midst of delicious gardens, and the fragrance of the orange and the myrtle came wafted through its lofty chambers. The enervating softness of a southern clime exerted its influence upon these Gallic strangers, and an abandonment of etiquette was sanctioned by their indulgent sovereign.

One dreamy afternoon the Queen Ildegarda had dismissed her maidens that she might enjoy the luxury of solitary thought. From the reverie into which she had fallen she was aroused by the entrance of an officer of her household, who announced that there was a Monk without, earnestly soliciting a private interview.

The amiable character of Ildegarda indisposed her to refuse, and her pious veneration for the church was an additional incentive to compliance. She accordingly gave orders that the holy Father should be immediately admitted.

The Monk, who now reverently entered, was a tall, stately looking man, of middle age ; and the flowing vestments of his order enhanced the dignity of his mien.

Apparently the utmost privacy was requisite in the audience ; for, after paying the customary obeisance, he glanced furtively around, as if to assure himself that the apartment contained no possible lurking place to conceal a listener.

After a brief silence, the Queen encouragingly inquired his errand.

"My Daughter," replied the Monk, fixing his eyes intently upon her beautiful face, "I come to fulfil thy dearest wish. Canst thou not form a shrewd surmise of my mission ?"

The fair temples of Ildegarda were suffused with the deepest

crimson, and her soft, dove-like eyes glittered with a restless inquietude.

"Nay, good Father," replied she in faltering accents; "how shouldst *thou* learn the hoarded secrets of my heart? None save the Almighty can read that hidden page."

"Knowest thou the name of *Himiltruda*?" exclaimed the Monk, closely approaching her, and speaking in a low, emphatic whisper.

The Queen started convulsively; and, clasping her hands, gazed upon him with an expression of fearful wonder.

"Mistake me not, royal lady," continued the Monk, soothingly. "It is from my acquaintance with our common nature alone that I derive my knowledge of thy desires. Does not the world ring with the mad infatuation of thy lord? And is it to be supposed that the wife of his bosom should be insensible to his coldness?"

"O Father!" exclaimed Ildegarda, in agonized accents; "wouldst thou lacerate, still more deeply, a heart already bleeding?"

"Far be it from me, my child," replied the Monk, "to add a single pang to those thou hast too keenly suffered. I have said that I come to ease thee of thy griefs."

"Thy words are *confident*," said the Queen sadly, "and I doubt not that thy hopes are *high*; but, alas! they are unshared by me. Thou art not the first who has essayed to alienate my lord from that loathsome corpse. Some dire mischance has fallen upon all who have attempted it; and I would not have *thee*, my Father, added to that list of victims. The Lombard princess Desederia, whom the emperor espoused shortly after the death of *Himiltruda*, could ill brook such a ghastly rival, and reproached him loudly with his insane folly. Thou rememberest the result. She was contemptuously divorced; and in pursuit of vengeance, her father has drawn down ruin upon himself and all his race. A devoted servant who accompanied me from my native Suabia applied himself to the study of magic, that he might break the spell which enthrals our monarch, and one morning he was found dead in the midst of his laborious researches. The brave Paladin Rolando, touched by my silent grief, accompanied the disastrous expedition into Spain, swearing that he would bring thence some Moorish enchanter to relieve me. He lies in the valley of Roncesvalles, and the ravens batten on his bones!"

"Thou disheartenest me not, noble lady," replied the Monk. "My trust is not in an arm of flesh, but in the words of the Most High. Filled with pity for the emperor, day after day I knelt upon the cold floor of my secluded cell in England, and wearied heaven with petitions that the cause of his mad passion might be revealed to me. At last, in a trance, my prayer was granted, and the re-

medy is consequently in my power. But I must be for a short space alone with the corpse. Canst thou procure me this favour, my daughter?"

"I can," replied Ildegarda, with the eagerness of hope. "It lies in a remote apartment hung with sable arras, and lighted by funereal tapers. He who is intrusted with its charge is my friend, and I know deplores my sorrows. To-night, when all are sleeping, thou shalt be admitted to that fearful room. By what name, Father, shall I remember thee in my supplications, for I shall pass the coming hours of darkness in devotional vigils?"

"Pray for the success of *Alcuin*, noble lady," replied the Monk.

A new era now dawns upon the affections of Charlemagne. He commanded the body of Himiltruda to be hastily interred; but his love was not transferred to Ildegarda. Henceforth his whole soul became devoted to another favourite.

Who knows not the friendship of Charlemagne and *Alcuin*? From the time of their first meeting at Parma, the Emperor seemed drawn towards the Monk by a tie passing that of brotherhood. Under the benign influence of this holy guide, his court became a nucleus of learning and of piety. The Cimmerian darkness of surrounding realms receded before the beams of the bright torch which had been kindled in France, and the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon its spreading radiance.

For more than fifteen years had the English Father thus reigned in the heart of Charlemagne, and death had ended the sorrows of the hapless Ildegarda. New connections were formed by the emperor; but with his domestic relations we have nothing further to do.

During one of those progresses through his dominions, in which it was his wont to be accompanied by his beloved *Alcuin*, Charlemagne, oppressed with the dust and heat of travel, turned aside at the little town of Ache, where some natural warm baths offered a timely refreshment. In the palmy days of Roman prosperity a few wealthy patricians had here erected their summer villas, and an emperor had built a stately palace; but when ruin fell upon those masters of the world, their gorgeous habitations shared in their destruction.

The small remnant of tenantable dwellings originally stood near the verge of a large lake. A dreary marsh upon its shore, which was then of much lesser dimensions, had been gradually increased by the neglect of centuries, until it now extended back to the very walls of the dilapidated palace of which Charlemagne and his suite took possession.

One morning during their stay in Ache, the Emperor and Alcuin were engaged in earnest converse beside the window of a gallery that overlooked this unseemly bog.

"Be persuaded, my liege!" said the Monk, in a tone of affectionate entreaty. "It is my zeal for thy service that prompts the request I urge. Amid the bustle of a court the mind is uselessly distracted; and winged thought is ever in pursuit of folly. Long enough have I lived in culpable indolence. I would fain awake to the exertion of my powers, and do something in payment for the favours thou hast heaped upon me."

"Wouldst thou then leave me, my Alcuin?" exclaimed the monarch reproachfully. "Ah! life without thee would be deprived of all its zest!"

"But, my lord," rejoined the Monk, "the Abbey of St. Martin de la Tours is in the very heart of thy dominions, and I shall still be within call whenever thou desirest my presence. In those peaceful shades I would apply myself unremittingly to study, and revive the buried lore of ages. I would also found a school, and train up the youth of France to become able coadjutors in thy mighty projects."

"I cannot part with thee, my friend," replied Charlemagne. "Thou art as dear to me as my own life. Even when I miss thee for one brief hour, I feel deprived of the sun-light of existence."

"It will not always be thus, my kind master," exclaimed Alcuin; exert but thy powerful reason, and thou wilt cast me from thee, even as I throw this bauble upon the waters."

Saying this, he drew a small ring from his finger, and tossed it far away through the open window.

"Thou art right, Father!" said the Emperor, as if awaking from a dream. "The Abbey of St. Martin de la Tours shall be thine; and to-morrow thou shalt set forth to take possession."

From this time the ambition of Charlemagne found a *new* field. Resolved to leave future generations some durable monument of his greatness, he selected Ache as the theatre of its display. Workmen, who excelled in their respective crafts, were summoned from the remotest corners of Europe, and the deserted town soon resounded with all the tumult of architectural labour. The beautiful lake on its site was cleared of the rubbish which time and the rains of heaven had carried into its bosom; the marsh that disfigured its margin was reclaimed; and a superb palace arose upon its border.

Immense halls, paved with the choicest mosaics; fretted galleries, whose iron tracery was the perfection of human skill; bronze doors, curiously carved; vast baths of the purest marble; and a library stocked with ancient volumes of incalculable value, were among the

wonders of that marvellous edifice. Its offices and out-houses alone might almost have constituted a city.

The celerity with which this stupendous structure was upreared seemed scarcely less than magic ; but what could not be effected by a monarch, so powerful and so beloved as Charlemagne ?

Near the splendid abode of an earthly potentate was a Temple, still more magnificent, dedicated to the King of Heaven.

Nobles, influenced by royal example, vied with each other in the grandeur of the habitations they erected ; artisans came flocking to the favoured site ; and henceforth *Aix la Chapelle* ranked foremost among the cities of the empire.

Years—rapid and changing years—had passed over the head of Charlemagne. His eye had lost its fire—his cheek its tinge of ruddy health—his silvery hairs were few and scattered—and his majestic form was bowed by numberless infirmities.

One by one the hoary councillors who had assisted him in legislation gave up their trust, and were numbered with the dead. The warriors who had fought by his side exchanged their plated harness for the defenceless shroud. His two eldest sons, to whom he had looked for the upholding of his greatness, sunk before him into the grave. He stood among a new generation, like a leafless oak surrounded by the green shrubs of spring ; yet he clung to a life which age had rendered vapid, and bereavement cheerless, with a tenacity he would have disdained when in the full prime of youthful vigour.

It was near midnight. Upon a downy couch in the most secluded apartment of his palace at Aix, lay extended the feeble frame of Charlemagne. A dim taper diffused its sickly light throughout the chamber, and revealed the countenance of a physician, who, with the look of oracular gravity incident to his profession, was feeling the pulse of his royal patient.

"What sayest thou, good leech ?" asked Charlemagne, eyeing, with watchful anxiety, the countenance of his medical adviser. "How long must I lie here like a sick dog ? O that I could once more mount my fleet Arabian, and hie me to the chase !"

"The gift of the Caliph Haroun will not long feed idly in his stable, my lord," replied the physician. "Submit for a few days to the remedies I shall prescribe, and my life for it thou shalt speedily be restored to thy wonted health and strength."

"Sayest thou so ?" cried Charlemagne. "Thou art a true-hearted liegeman, and not like that false slave who threatened me with death if I sought not some more congenial clime. But I *could* not leave the city of my heart. Better to *die* in Aix, than to *live* elsewhere."

"Thou wilt not die, my lord," replied the physician; "and he was but a base pretender to our science who thus declared. The principle of life is yet strong within thee, and, assisted by my potent medicines, it will quickly triumph over this slight disease. A refreshing slumber would now prepare my lord for the healing draught I shall bring him on the morrow."

A few attendants were accordingly stationed in an ante-room, with strict orders to keep a careful watch, and Charlemagne was left alone to seek repose.

The bell of the adjoining church tolled the hour of twelve, and the palace was as silent as the tomb.

Tossing on his fevered couch, the thoughts of the restless monarch reverted to his buoyant youth. A deep sigh escaped his parched lips, and that sigh was echoed by another. He looked up, and standing beside him, in the hush of solemn midnight, he beheld *Grimwald the Magician!*

Not a furrow was upon the calm, pale brow of that mysterious being. His blue eye was still as clear, and his step as firm, as when, in the pride of early manhood, prince Charles had sought his dwelling. His garb, however, was somewhat changed. A wreath of misletoe encircled his long white locks, and in his hand he held a slender wand.

The Emperor gazed wildly upon this fearful guest, and the power of utterance was denied him.

"And this is all that remains of earth's noblest son!" said the magician, in a voice like the low music of a reed. "Charlemagne, thy hour has come!"

The sunken eyes of the monarch kindled with an impotent rage. He forgot the circumstances which had appalled him, and fear was merged in anger.

"So thou didst tell me fifty long years ago," replied he in the querulous accents of age, "and I was dupe enough at the time to credit thee. Begone, raven, with thy unwelcome croakings!"

"Weak dotard!" said Grimwald. "Dost thou so love that skinny carcass that thou wouldst grieve to exchange it for a form of immortal youth?" My child! my Himiltruda! was it for a worm like this that thou didst lay down thy own blameless life?"

"Himiltruda!" exclaimed the Emperor, rising in his bed, and bending forward on his withered hands; did I hear thee speak of *Himiltruda?*"

"Thou didst!" replied the Magician. "Had it not been for that loving soul, fifty years wouldst thou have already spent in the regions of the dead. Thine has been a charmed life, O king! and

while thou didst deem that thou wert working thine own will, thou wert but a tool in the hands of those mightier than thyself."

"Speak—speak of Himiltruda!" cried Charlemagne. "What was Himiltruda to thee?"

"She was *my child*!" replied the Magician; "my *all* of earthly happiness. Thou wert doomed to die; but for thy love she suffered in thy stead. Her's was not the gift of beauty; but I resolved that her brief existence should at least be happy. Seest thou this ring? It contains a drop of thy heart's blood, and with this jewel upon her finger, she became thy Queen. At last she paid the ransom she had forfeited; but her lifeless clay was still bedecked with all its accustomed ornaments, and thy attachment continued with undiminished warmth, until the wily *Alcuin* obtained the charm from her unconscious hand. Long did he preserve it, until, finding that its possession marred his ambitious schemes, he threw it into the lake, upon which, influenced by its power, thou hast since founded this city. Now that thy last hour has come, the magic ring has returned to me. It has lost its virtue, for enchantment exerts no sway over the dying. When the ruby lustre of this stone has wholly faded, thy heart will have ceased to beat. Its hues are fast paling away, like the glow of an evening sunset; and see—even now—it is colourless!"

"Himiltruda!" exclaimed the monarch, falling back upon his pillow. "My Himiltruda, didst thou then *die for me*? Beloved! I come! I come!"

SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL.

WILHELM TELL is the last of Schiller's tragedies, and in many respects one of his very best. Bearing more clearly than any of its predecessors the stamp of his matured intellect, it exhibits the complete triumph of art over a subject which, though stirring and exciting, seems at the first glance scarcely well adapted for dramatic effort. The discontent of a brave people groaning under the yoke of oppression, their indignation exasperated by wrongs heaped on wrongs till it becomes desperate resolution, the diffusion of the spirit of revolt, its ripening, outbreak, and final triumph, form, indeed, a noble theme for the pen of the historian; but the action is

from necessity too wide in its range, too much distributed among many interlocutors, to admit of being easily comprehended in a dramatic picture. Yet without fulfilling the demands of the admirers of regularity in composition for unity of action—without attempting in a legitimate manner to develop the incidents in reference to a single point, or to concentrate the interest without even seeking to establish a connexion between the different parts of his piece—Schiller has succeeded, **BY THE FORCE OF CHARACTER ALONE**, in rivetting our interest, in disarming criticism, and in placing this tragedy in the foremost rank of modern compositions. There is no instance within our recollection, wherein the power of this great art to cover all other defects is so strikingly and so triumphantly exemplified; wherein its power, in the creation of deep interest, is so clearly shown. We find ourselves among a nation of rude and humble mountaineers; there is no picturesque exhibition of suffering, no high-wrought declamations against tyranny, no eloquent appeals nor poetry in their complaints to move the imagination. We see them oppressed by the arm of power; we see them suffer with a sturdy and sullen patience, under which is nourished a deep-rooted hatred of tyranny and stern determination to regain their honest freedom; the murmurs of resentment are heard indeed, but they are brief and uttered in secret. The leaders meet at night to confirm their resolution by concerted plans for their country's deliverance; their talk is of the simple right bequeathed them by their peasant sires; it is vindicated by no trains of philosophic reasoning, nor bursts of dazzling oratory; each brave spirit feels within himself the charter of his freedom. The everlasting mountains around them, hallowed by sacred remembrances the only records of their liberties, bear witness to their solemn oath,—

“ We will be free, even as our fathers were;
Will rather die than live in slavery!”

There is a grandeur about these peasant patriots, the simple grandeur of nature; but in proportion to its impressive simplicity is it difficult to paint in fiction. The more elaborate charms of poetry are here useless; her spirit must indeed embellish the picture, but she must lower herself to the homeliness of the subject, which admitted no extrinsic ornament. Nor can the interest arise from exhibitions of passion; deep and straight-forward, yet quiet, flows the stream of their feeling; it follows no “valley's playful windings,” nor betrays, by its impetuous roarings, what it is necessary to conceal. None but a poet of the first order could have drawn faithfully, yet pleasingly, the characters of these untutored “children of the wild;” could have shed thus brightly the sunshine of ge-

nus over their mountain life, adorning without injuring the genuine beauty of truth. An inferior mind might have invested these rude forms with the habiliments of poetry ; but the unwonted garments would have sate uneasily on their limbs, clogging or restraining their efforts instead of lending an airy grace to each free movement. Another would have made them " talk in tropes," as unintelligible to the honest herdsman of Schwitz, and Uri, and Unterwalden, as to their flocks ; Schiller has never overpainted the lineaments of nature ; delineated by few yet graphic touches, his pictures are speaking likenesses. He alone, of all poets who have handled this subject, understood the strength of true genius, was master of the secret—

" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

He alone knew the depth, and breadth, and height of his art ; knew how to paint truth that could speak at once from soul to soul. To say that he represented nature, is not enough ; his beings are the very creations of nature, and seem produced in the mind of the author by a process corresponding to her own. Like Hermione's statue, we would deem, while gazing on them, that the veins " did verily bear blood ;" the " life seems warm upon their lips ;" " the fixture of their eyes hath motion in it ;" and we feel that we are not mocked with art ; " an air comes from them," and the fine chisel has " cut breath."

Schiller's own theory is in a measure illustrated in the present drama. In writing the pieces immediately preceding it, *Wallenstein* and the *Maid of Orleans*, the author, newly arisen from the study of the transcendental philosophy, has carried its metaphysical subtleties into the criticism by whose principles he regulated his poetical labours. The first effect of such a course, was, as he himself confesses, detrimental to the original fire and force of his genius ; the living glow, the " fine frenzy " he had felt in composition before he began to work by line and precept, vanished before the aspect of theories in idealism. He " *saw* himself create and form ;" and his inspired fancy, feeling herself watched, no longer moved with her accustomed ease and freedom. Yet the noble mind of our poet was undismayed by this discouraging consciousness ; he did not shrink from the enterprise, but continued to trust for aid to his metaphysical investigations, hoping ultimately " to advance so far, that *art* should become a second *nature* " when the powers of imagination should regain their wonted freedom. This hope was realized, so far as the imperfection of human nature will admit, in *Wilhelm Tell* ; yet this tragedy, in such a light, must be regarded as affording proof rather of the extraordinary force of Schiller's genius than of the

truth of his hypothesis. The true poet is indeed always philosophical; but his knowledge of nature is intuitive, not deduced from the study of artificial rules. The vigour of youthful imagination never owes its energy to the inculcation of opinions, though its growth may be thereby strengthened and its exuberances pruned. Shakspeare's characters are a study for the metaphysician, yet the creative intellect of that greatest poet was never cabined within the limits of theories; had it been so, he could have produced, indeed, mighty monuments of art, but could never have risen, as he did, to the summit of human excellence. Schiller's enthusiasm was chilled, and his powers circumscribed by this influence; but his was too noble a spirit to be long held in check even by the guiding principles he himself recognized. With powerful, almost incredible, efforts he bore himself beyond the restraints that beset him, and rushed forward into excellence even through the path he had chosen. The system did not aid or elevate him; it was he who ennobled the system, by enlarging and bringing it as nearly as possible to perfection.

The first impression on the opening of the tragedy is one of grandeur and wild sublimity, we breathe the very air of the Alps. The scene is on a high, rocky shore; farms and meadows, smiling in the sunshine, are visible; farther off the snow-capped peaks of the Hacken, and the shining glaciers. The national air of the Swiss, the *Ranz des Vaches*, comes to our ears mingled with the tinkling of bells from the wandering herds. The fisher boy is idly singing in his boat; we hear the melodious chant of the herdsman upon the mountain; while the lay of the Alpine hunter, from his giddy height among the fields of ice, whence he has no glimpse of the sea, or the hamlets, or the green fields, save through the rifts of the clouds beneath him, is faintly distinguished. An exhilarating breath of freshness and freedom diffuses itself around us; we feel as if all must be grand, and unfettered, and glorious, in harmony with the eternal glories of nature. The shouts of the herdsmen to each other, their eager directions to secure their cattle against the approaching tempest, their conversation heard amid the gusts of the rising storm, possess us with the reality of peasant life among the Alps. The whole of the first scene is inimitable, and complete, inasmuch as it furnishes us with the first glimpse into the character of Tell himself. The greatness of this mountain patriot is native and unadulterated; he is indebted to no scholastic precepts or fine-spun theoretical processes for his superiority. He is honest, generous, and noble; amiable in the relations of life; of a spirit whose very being is the love of freedom. His wife says of him, when she learns the news of his captivity—

" As the Alpine rose
Grows pale, and withers in the air o' the fen,
There is for him no life but in the light
Of the clear sun—the free and balmy breeze.
A prisoner—he ?—his very breath is freedom !"

Born and reared among the mountains, he has all the sturdy fearlessness of his bold countrymen, exhibited, however, in prompt and decisive action, not in the wordy declamation of modern stage heroes. He is earnest and reflective, yet he does not occupy the attention by reflection or reasoning ; as he listens to the consultations of his friends, or walks the highway with his son, we perceive, though he is silent, that his mind is at work, and that he partakes in the feelings of his fellow-yeomen. In this unpretending reserve he differs from most of Schiller's heroes, who indulge too often in speeches exhibiting their general reflections on passing incidents. Had he written this tragedy before *Don Carlos*, he would probably have made Tell the orator of the mountaineers, declaiming in good set phrase against the tyranny of Gessler, exhorting his fellow-peasants to insurrection, and himself heading the conspiracy. But a higher effort of art was before the matured mind of the poet ; and since the age of Shakspeare, we cannot point to an instance in which a nobler triumph has been achieved. By minute and imperceptible touches, by colours softened and blended into each other with exquisite skill, the finished picture is presented to us ; we cannot trace the progress of his pencil, we cannot show how such wonders have been wrought ; the living reality stands before us, and we can only admire the plastic power of the artist. To individualize such a conception, the poet must work like nature, painting from a genuine model in his own mind, not designating his portrait by outward resemblances.

As we observed, the appearance of Tell in the first scene impresses us vividly with the most striking traits in his character—benevolence, promptness, and activity of spirit—courage, which seeks not for applause, and is unconscious of a wish for it. A countryman who has slain one of Gessler's servants in defence of his honour, pursued by the soldiers, rushes among the herdsmen, and implores the aid of the fisherman to convey him to the opposite shore. The storm is raging with fearful violence, and the fisherman refuses to undertake the risk of putting out on the lake. We will translate a part of the scene.

Kuoni. " Quick, ferryman, give the honest man a passage !
Ruodi. Go not. A fearful storm is coming on.
You must wait.
Baumgarten. God ! I cannot wait ! Delay
Is fatal —

Kuoni. (*To the fisherman.*) Trust in God. We must help our neighbour.
The like may chance to all of us.

Ruodi. You see
How the sea swells;—no—no—I cannot steer
'Gainst storm and waves!

Baumgarten. (*Embracing his knees.*) May God have mercy on you
As you now pity me!

Werni. 'Tis for his life;
Have mercy, ferryman!

Kuoni. He is a father—
Hath wife and children!

(*Repeated peals of thunder.*)

Ruodi. I, too, have a life
To lose—a wife and children—even as he—
Lo! yonder—how the raging waves rush upward -
Then down in whirlpools, delving up the deep;
Most gladly would I save the honest man,
But 'tis impossible—you see, yourself.

Baumgarten. Then must I fall into my enemy's hands,
The shore of safety in my very sight?
Yonder it lies! Mine eyes can reach it—aye,
The sound of my voice! And there, too, is the boat
To bear me thither—yet I here must lie,
Helpless—despairing!

Kuoni. Ha! who is it comes?

Werni. 'Tis Tell, from Burgli.

Tell. (*With his bow.*) Who is the man
Who asks for help?

Kuoni. It is a man of Alzel,
He has slain Wolfenschiess, the castellan,
Defending his own honour; and the soldiers
Are in pursuit. He begs a passage hence,
The ferryman fears the storm and will not go.

Ruodi. That is Tell—he hath much skill at the helm;
He'll bear me witness, if 'tis possible.

[*Loud thunder, the waves dash furiously.*]

Shall I plunge headlong in the jaws of the abyss?
None would do that who had his reason with him!

Tell. The brave man thinketh last upon himself;
Trust in God—save the oppressed!

Ruodi. Aye, in safe port
'Tis easy to give counsel. There's the boat—
Yonder the sea—Try it!

Tell. The sea may pity,
The Governor will not. Try it, ferryman!

Herdsmen and Huntsman. Save him! O, save him—save him!

Ruodi. Were 't my brother,
Or mine own child—it is impossible!—

Tell. With idle talk we shall do nothing here.
The moment presses—and we must have help.
Speak—ferryman, will you venture?

Ruodi. No—not I!

Tell. In God's name, then! give me the boat! I will
Essay my feeble strength.

Kuoni. Ha! noble Tell!

Baumgarten. You are my saviour and my angel, Tell!

Tell. I can but save you from the Governor's power;
From the storm's fury must another save;

Yet it is better in God's hand to fall
Than man's!

(*To the herdsmen.*)

My countrymen, I trust to you
My wife—if aught befall me. I have done
But what I could not help! [leaps into the boat.

* * * * *

Werni. (*From the rock.*)

His strokes are brave; God help thee, gallant oarsman!
See how the skiff rocks on the billows' top.

Kuoni. (*On the shore.*) The flood goes over—I can see 't no more!

Yet hold—'tis there again! Right skilfully
The gallant Tell labours against the tempest!"

Act I. Scene 1.

Tell takes no active part in the meeting and conspiracy that occupies the first two acts of the piece; yet a constant and growing interest is kept up in the other personages, who are all individualized and delineated with masterly care. Rosselmann, Melctthal, Stauffacher, Furst, and the men of Unterwalden are admirable, each in his way, and command sympathy, for they are made kin to us by the universal tie. The numerous actors do not pass over the scene in monotonous procession; each has a peculiar, though a limited part to play. The scene between the aged Attinghausen and Rudenz is fine in itself, and well contrasted with the succeeding one, where the rustic patriots meet among the rocks beneath the open sky, to resolve upon the liberation of their country. Each is bound to the great cause by the remembrance of injury to himself, his kindred, or his friends. There is deep pathos in the emotion of Melctthal when he learns his father had been deprived of sight by order of the tyrant.

"O, a noble gift of Heaven is sight!
All nature lives on light—each happy creature!
The very plants turn joyful to the light!
And he—yet feeling—he must walk in darkness,
In everlasting gloom; refreshed no more
By the warm green, or the enamelled flowers!
He can no more behold the glowing skies!
To die is nothing—but to live and *see not*,
O, that is misery! Wherefore look you on me
So piteously? I have two un hurt eyes,
Yet can I give none to my blind old father,
Not e'en a glimmer from the sea of light
That lustrous, dazzling, presses on mine eyes!

Stauffacher. Alas! and I must add unto your grief
Instead of healing it! He needs yet more!
The governor hath despoiled him of all!
Nought has he left him save his staff; and blind
And naked, wanders he from door to door."

The third act opens with a beautiful picture of the rustic cottage of the hero; but he soon departs to more stirring scenes, carrying with him the boy who preferred sharing his toil to remaining with

his mother. The scene of his far-famed exploit with the arrow is characteristic, and managed with great skill.

Gessler. "Is that thy boy, Tell?

Tell. Ay, my noble lord.

Gessler. Hast thou more children?

Tell. But two boys, my lord,

Gessler. Which is he whom thou lovest best?

Tell. My lord,

Both children are alike endeared to me.

Gessler. Now—if thou hitt'st the apple on the tree
At a hundred paces, so shalt thou approve
Thy skill before me: Take thy cross-bow, Tell;
Thou hast it in thy hand—now make thee ready
To shoot an apple, Tell, from the boy's head.
Yet I will counsel thee, aim well; that thou
Dost hit it at the first shot; if thou failest,
Thy head is forfeit. *[All give signs of dismay.]*

Tell. What a monster think you me!
Aim at my own child's head!—no, no, my lord!
That was not in your thought. The gracious God
Forbid!—in earnest you could never ask
That of a father!

Gessler. Thou shalt shoot the apple
From the boy's head! I do require—command it!

Tell. I—send the arrow towards his darling head,
My own child's head? no—I will rather die!

Gessler. Thou shalt shoot—or thou diest with the boy.

Tell. Become the murderer of my son! My lord,
You have no children—know not what's the feeling
Within a father's heart!

Gessler. Ha! Tell—so sudden
Art thoughtful? I was told thou wast a dreamer,
And ever shunned the ways of other men.
Thou lov'st the strange—so have I chosen for thee
A venture strange. Another well would ponder;
Thou ever pressest to the enterprise
And boldly grasp'st it.

Bertha. Jest not, noble sir,
With these poor people. See them, pale and trembling.
So strange to them is pastime from your lips.

Gessler. Who says I jest?

[Breaks an apple from a branch of the tree above him.]

Here is the apple—lo!
Make room—give him the necessary distance;
I give him eighty steps—not more nor less;
'Tis said he'll hit his man at a full hundred.
Now, archer, shoot—and fail not of the mark!

Rudolph. God! he's in earnest! Boy, down on thy knees,
And pray the governor for thy life.

Furst. *(Apart to Melcthal, who can hardly restrain his impatience.)* Keep back!
I pray you!—hold you quiet!

Bertha. This suffice,
Sir! 'tis inhuman with a father's pain
To sport. If this poor man has forfeited
His life through his small fault—God knoweth, he
Hath suffered—ay, tenfold the pangs of death.
Dismiss him to his home unhurt; he has learned
To know you; this hour, with his children's children,
He will remember.

Gessler.

Open quick the way!

Wherefore delay? Thy life is forfeit, Tell.
 I could command thy death—but graciously
 I lay thy fate in thy own skilful hand;
 Sure *he* can ne'er complain of a hard sentence
 Who's made the master of his destiny.
 Thou boastest of thy sure eye—well, 'tis now
 The time to prove thy skill;—the mark is worthy—
 The prize is great! * * *

Furst. (*Falls at his feet.*) Lord governor! we all do own your greatness,
 Let favour go for right! take half my goods,
 Take all—but spare a father this dread penalty.

Walter Tell. Grandfather, kneel not unto that false man!
 Tell me, where shall I stand? I'm not afraid;
 My father hits the bird upon the wing—
 He shall not fail—nor harm me!

Stauffacher.

O, sir governor,

Are you not moved to hear the innocent child?

Rosselmann. O think, there is a God in Heaven, to whom
 You must account this deed!

Gessler.

Let him be bound

To yonder linden.

Walter Tell.

Bind me? No—I'll not

Be bound! I will be quiet as a lamb,
 And scarce draw breath:—but if you bind me—nay—
 I cannot—I would struggle 'gainst the bonds.

Rudolph.

Let me but bind your eyes.

Walter Tell.

Wherefore mine eyes?

Fear I the arrow from my father's hand?
 I will stand quietly, nor move a twinkle.
 Quick, father; show him you are skilled to shoot;
 He does not credit it—he would destroy us!
 To vex the tyrant—shoot—and hit the mark!

[*He goes to the tree; the apple is placed on his head.*]

Melctthal. (*To the peasants.*) What! Shall this villany before our eyes
 Be finished? whereto have we sworn?

Stauffacher.

'Tis vain;

We have no weapons: see the forest of lances
 Around us!

Melctthal.

Had we but with ready deeds

Fulfilled the enterprise! God pardon those
 Who craved delay!

* * * * *

Tell. (*Bends his bow and places the arrow.*) Open the way—place!

Stauffacher. What—Tell! you will do it?

No—your hand shakes—you tremble—your knees totter!

Tell. (*lets the bow sink.*) All swims before my sight!

Women.

O God in heaven!

Tell.

Spare me the shot—here is my heart:—call now
 Your soldiers hither—strike me down!

Gessler.

I want not

Thy life—I'll have the shot! Thou canst do all!
 Despair'st at nothing! skilful at the helm
 As with the bow:—no tempest, Tell, affrights thee.
 If thou canst save—now, saviour, help thyself!

[*Tell remains in terrible agitation, rolling his eyes now on Gessler, now upward to heaven. Suddenly he seizes his quiver, takes out a second arrow and puts it in his bosom. The Landvogt observes his movements.*]

Walter Tell. (*From the tree.*) Shoot, father; I fear not!

* * * * *

[While Bertha throws herself between Rudenz and the Landvogt, Tell has shot.]

Rosselmann. The boy lives!

Many voices. He has hit the apple!

[Furst totters, and is ready to fall.—Bertha holds him.]

Gessler. How!

The madman! he has shot.

Bertha. The boy doth live!

Come to yourself, good father!

Walter Tell. (Comes with the apple.) Father, here,
Here is the apple. I knew well, my father,
You would not harm your son!

[Tell stands with body bent forward—the bow drops from his hand—when he sees the boy coming he hastens to meet him with open arms, and clasps him with ardour to his breast, then sinks back as if overcome. All are moved.]

Bertha. O gracious heaven!

Furst. Children—my children!

Stauffacher. God be praised!

Leuthold. That was

A shot! It shall be told of to all time.

Randolph. Men shall relate with wonder Tell's exploit,
So long as stand yon mountains on their base.

[Reaches the apple to the Landvogt.]

Gessler. The apple pierced through the middle, as I live!
It was a master shot, and I must praise it.

Rosselmann. The shaft sped well, yet wo to him who urged it,
For he hath tempted God!

Stauffacher. Collect yourself,
Tell, up! you've manfully acquitted you,
And may depart in freedom to your home.

Rosselmann. Come and restore the boy unto his mother!

Gessler. Tell, listen!

Tell. (Coming back.) What are your commands, my lord?

Gessler. You took a second arrow from your quiver;
Yes—yes—I saw it well—what did that mean?

Tell. (Embarrassed.) Sir—it was needed for the shot.

Gessler. Not so,
Tell—nor shall such an answer aught avail thee.
Speak the truth freely, Tell, and openly.
Whate'er it be, I do assure thy life.
What meant the second arrow?

Tell. Since my life
You have assured me, I will speak the truth.

[He draws the arrow from his bosom, and fixes a terrible look on the Landvogt.]

This second shaft had been aimed—at your breast
Had I destroyed my child; and surely this
Would not have failed to reach the mark.

Gessler. 'Tis well!
I promised thee thy life—my knightly word
Is pledged, and shall be kept; yet since I know
Thy evil thought, I'll have thee led, and guarded
Where neither moon nor sun shall shine upon thee;
So I may be securer from thy shafts.
Arrest him, soldiers—bind him!

[Tell is bound.]

Stauffacher. How, my lord!
Can you thus treat a man for whom God's hand
Hath wrought so visibly?

Gessler. 'Tis well—we'll see
If He a second time will save him. Ho!

Take him into my vessel—I will follow
Quickly ;—I'll have him carried unto Küsnacht.
Rosselman. You cannot do it—e'en the Emperor could not !
Our charter doth forbid !

Gessler. Where is the charter ?
Has the Emperor confirmed it ? He has not !
This grace must by obedience first be gained.
But you are traitors to the Emperor's right,
All—and ye cherish daring insurrection.
I know you all—I see through all of you :
I take a traitor from your midst, yet you
Are all partaking in his guilt ; who is prudent,
Learn to be silent and obey.

[*He retires—Bertha, Rudenz, Harras, and soldiers follow ; Friesshardt and Leuthold remain.*]

Furst. (*In the deepest anguish.*) 'Tis o'er :
He has resolved to ruin me, and all
My house !

Stauffacher. O why should you thus tempt his fury !

Tell. Let him control himself who felt my wo !

Stauffacher. O now is all—all lost ! With you we all
Are fettered—dungeoned !

People. (*Crowding round Tell.*) Ah ! we lose with you
Our last reliance !

Leuthold. (*Approaching.*) Tell, it grieves me, yet
I must obey.

Tell. Farewell !

Walter Tell. (*Clinging to him.*) O Father—Father !
O my dear Father !

Tell. (*Pointing to Heaven.*) Yonder is thy Father !
Call upon Him—above !

Stauffacher. Have you a message,
Tell, for your wife, that I may bear to her ?

Tell. (*Clasping his son to his bosom.*) The boy's unhurt ! God will
Send aid to me !"
Act III. Scene 2.

Another of the wild and beautiful scenes in which this play
abounds is found at the opening of the fourth act, on the rocky
shore of the lake, in the midst of a storm—where a fisherman and
his boy watch from a distance the approach of a strange vessel.

Boy. "Hear you the noise above upon the mountain ?
They have discerned a vessel, sure, in danger ;
And pull the alarm bell ! [*Goes up an eminence.*]

Fisherman. Wo, wo to the vessel
That now lies cradled in those frightful rifts,
There is the helm worth nothing—nor the helmsman :
The storm is master ! winds and waves contend
For their prey—man !* Around him, far or near,
No bosom offers him a friendly shelter !
With stern and rugged front uprising, stand
Before his face the inhospitable rocks,
Their chafed and stony breasts confronting him !

Boy. Father, a vessel comes from Flüelen hither !

* We do not venture to give the literal sense of the original—

" — Wind und Welle spielen
Ball mit dem Menschen — "

Fisherman. God help the crew ! When once the storm takes hold
In these wild gulfs, it rages like the lion,
That furious smites his iron prison bars !
It seeks an outlet, howling, but in vain ;
For all around the rocks do close it in,
That high as heaven wall up the narrow pass.
[*Goes up the eminence.*]

Boy. It is the Governor's boat from Uri, father ;
I know it by the red roof and the flag !

Fisherman. Yes—righteous Heaven ! It is he himself !
It bears the Governor ! yonder he sails
And bears his crimes, too, in the vessel with him !
Swift hath the avenger's arm o'ertaken him !
Now must he own a mightier Lord ! Those waves
Give to his voice no heed—those stubborn rocks
Bow not their heads before his lordship's Hat !
Boy—do not pray ! stay not the Judge's arm !

Boy. I pray not for the Governor—I pray
For Tell—for he is with him in the vessel !

Fisherman. O the unreasoning, blind elements !
One guilty man to punish—must destruction
Swallow the vessel and the helmsman too ?

Boy. See—see—they 've past the Buggisgrat in safety ;
Yet the storm's rage, repelled from Tenfelsmunster,
Doth drive then back on the great Axenberg.
I see them now no more !—

Fisherman. There's the Hackmesser,
Fatal ere this unto so many a craft !
If they steer not with nicest caution past it,
She will be dashed to pieces in the vortex
Delving into the deep. She has on board
A skilful helmsman—if man's arm can save her,
'Tis Tell's—and yet his arms and hands are fettered !

[*Tell, with his bow, comes up with hasty steps, looks around him bewildered, and shows violent emotion. When he has reached the middle of the scene, he falls prostrate, spreading his hands to the ground and then raising them towards Heaven.*]

Boy. See—Father ! who is he that's kneeling yonder ?

Fisherman. He grasps the earth, and seems like one distraught !

Boy. (Advancing.) What see I ? Father, Father, come and see !

Fisherman. (Comes nearer.) Who is it ? God in Heaven ! What ! 'Tis Tell !
How come you here ? Speak !

Boy. Were you not but now
In yonder vessel prisoner, and bound ?

Fisherman. You were not borne to Küsnacht ?

Tell. (Rising.) I am freed !

Fisherman and Boy. Freed ! O God's miracle !

Boy. Whence come you here ?

Tell. Out of the vessel yonder.

Boy. Where is the Governor ?

Tell. Driving o'er the waves.

Fisherman. Is't possible ? But you—how are you here !
How have you 'scaped the tempest and your fetters ?

Tell. Through God's great mercy ! Listen !

Both. Speak—O speak !

Act IV. Scene 1.

From the day on which the Austrian tyrant forced him to risk
the destruction of his child by his own hand, a gloomy and unwonted

spirit has taken possession of Tell; he is bent on accomplishing a deed which is at once to revenge his own wrong and rid his native land of an oppressor. Yet though sternly resolved to slay Gessler, his manly and intrepid heart is daunted at the thought of murder; blood has hitherto been "a colour stranger to his hands;" gentle and peaceful, he has roved the mountains with free and careless spirit; and while his arrow brought down the bird, or he bore homeward the prize of his day's toil, he has felt no shadow on his soul. Now the milk of kindly temper is changed within him; he has "grown acquainted with horrors;" a dark tempest is stirred up in his mind. His vow to immolate his enemy has become a sacred debt; he will pay it, for the lives of all dear to him depend on the success of his enterprise. Travellers, occupied in the every day business of life, successively approach, and pass Tell sitting on his stone; their appearance and dialogue, and the bridal procession, give an air of reality to the scene, and contrast with the gloomy mood of the mountaineer. When the fatal shaft is sped, and his enemy lies expiring before him, there is a towering majesty in the expression of Tell, as he rises upon the summit of the rock, exclaiming to the fallen tyrant—" *Thou knowest the archer!* "

Once more, when his country is again at peace, Tell appears returning to his cottage, whither he is pursued by the applause and gratitude of his countrymen. The air of rural simplicity, refined by affection and hospitality, about this closing scene, is highly attractive. The picture of the housewife and mother, the tender wife watching for her husband's return; the appearance of the seeming monk and his hospitable welcome when he pleads misfortune as a claim for shelter; the joy of Tell's family at the father's arrival; his interview with the disguised and fugitive prince, whom, though abhorring his crime, he directs to safety; are vividly represented, and form an appropriate conclusion to the tragedy. The simple rustic who has achieved his own freedom, extends protection to the outlawed noble exiled for his crimes. There is a pathetic moral in the passage where the Duke throws himself at Tell's feet to supplicate assistance, and receives, with trembling gratitude, the friendly counsel of the mountaineer. He has presumed the archer to be of a spirit kindred to his own; but he is soon made to feel the difference between the slaughter of an enemy in the sacred right of self-defence, for the protection of all that is dear to the citizen, and the deed of unhallowed ambition and revenge. Tell is justified, for he has but defended that holy *nature* which the regicide has outraged and shamed; there is nothing in common between the injured father and the murderer.

The very unpretending simplicity, the unaffected integrity which

constitute the chief beauty of Tell's character, render it difficult to describe adequately by an analysis. Perfect as a whole, it should be viewed as a whole; in its peculiar style, one of the most noble emanations of genius. Nor is the hero alone deserving of attention; the other personages who bear a considerable part in the action, are finely discriminated, and have an air of reality—a bodily presence as it were, that interests the reader in all their proceedings. Our sympathy for these genuine sons of nature is strong as well as involuntary; their bravery and honest heroism excite our admiration, and even the untutored homeliness of their language and thoughts has a moral grandeur about it more striking than the most elaborate expression of sentiment. The character of Gessler, tyrannical both from native cruelty and from a desire to humble the people whom he regards as a stone of stumbling, to be put aside in one way or other from the path of his ambition, is well painted; he contrasts with others whom Schiller has drawn as tyrants from principle, sacrificing the interests of their dependents to what they deem the superior necessity; since the Austrian ruler, in accordance with his naturally cold and relentless temper, adopts from choice a course which even to him could have seemed of only dubious advantage. The episode of Bertha and Rudenz is the more interesting, as the sentiments of the maiden embody the thoughts of the reader. It is unconnected with the main action; but that defect the most striking scenes of the play share in common with it, and it is one which the reader finds it impossible to dwell on in contemplation of the truthful beauty of the whole.

The author seems to have been more desirous of presenting an impressive picture of the various events of the period, both of political and domestic interest, than a drama conformable in all respects to the rules of art.

Columbia, S. C.

E. F. E.

A DEATH SCENE.

HE stands beside his sister's couch,
 But she knows not he has come,
 For she died with his name upon her lip
 Ere he reached his stricken home.
 Her head rests on her fragile arm,
 And o'er her marble brow
 And blue vein'd lid Death's rigid hand
 Hath press'd his signet now.

Alas! that one so young and fair
 Is slumb'ring in her last rest there!
 Alas! that beauty, grace, and youth
 Must make their common home
 With the earth-worm and the creeping thing
 Within the silent tomb!
 But WILL that *spirit* seek its home
 Beneath the gloomy sod?
 No—it hath winged its joyful way
 To the presence of its God.
 Mourn we because the grovelling worm
 No more to the earth is bound,
 When it floats aloft on its brilliant wings,
 Would we dash it back to ground?
 Then why should we wish to recall again
 The spirit that's freed from its earthly chain?
 The smile that yet dwells on the pallid lip
 Speaks the calm of a spirit blest;
 No sorrow—not even a saddened dream—
 Can disturb her quiet rest;
 He knows that with him she could not be
 Thus blest—yet he must mourn
 That the loved, the pure, the gentle one
 Will no more to him return.
 “Would there were peace like thine below,
 Would there were here release from woe,
 Oh! would that partings need not be,
 That thou wert here or I with thee!
 Joyful we ever before have met,
 On thy lip a smile—though thine eye was wet;
 Oh, how can it be that thy life has fled,
 That one so loved is among the dead!”
 He severed a lock of the glossy hair,
 Then turned him away from his sister's bier
 With a lip compressed, and a clear calm eye,
 But his heart was bursting with agony.
 He turned to even a sadder sight,
 To his widowed Mother's chair,
 They had placed it close by her lifeless child,
 That she, too, might die there.
 And he thought of his earliest, happiest years
 When he sat upon her knee—
 While she who smiled unconscious *now*,
 Then laughed in childish glee,
 As their Mother sang in a sweet low tone,
 Or told them some pleasant tale—
 With his hand on her cheek or among her curls,
 Ere yet that cheek grew pale;
 Or the hair—as now—was snowy white
 Above her faded brow,
 Shading those eyes, where love for him
 Was all they spoke of now.

He thought too of her trembling words
 When she knew that he must go
 From her, and trust to strangers' love,
 And how she checked the flow
 Of her sad anxious tears, lest he
 Should grieve the more despondingly.
 He thought of all her gentleness,
 Her kindness and her love,
 How always she had sought to praise,
 How rarely would reprove.
 And all the years he since had spent
 Among his fellow-men,
 Caressed, approved, admired, beloved,
 How *wasted* seemed they then !
 He knows it is his last farewell,
 Gone is his manhood's pride,
 The big tears gush in torrents forth
 As he bows at his Mother's side,
 And clasps her thin hand in his own,
 And feels that he soon shall weep alone.
 " Oh, Mother ! stay and bless thy son
 Again, as thou wert wont of yore,
 I knew I loved thee—but, alas !
 I never felt how well—before !
 Oh, let me kneel, as then, by thee,
 And place thy hand upon my brow,
 The whispered words my childhood loved,
 Oh ! dearest Mother, speak them now !
 Yet deem not that they are forgot,
 They linger ever in my ear,
 Those cherished words of changeless love
 Which henceforth I may never hear !
 Dear Mother—weary years have passed
 Since daily thus thou loved'st to bless,
 And I have been far, far away,
 Yet never have I loved thee less.
 No—thine have been the treasured words,
 And thine the ne'er forgotten smile,
 And thine the form that blessed my dreams ;
 Thou hast been with me all the while.
 I loved thee always first and best,
 Never so blest as at thy knee,
 And yet I left thee—lured by hopes
 Of wealth—that I might share with thee.
 And now—that wealth—oh, could it buy
 Thee back to life—couldst thou remain
 To love and smile upon me still—
 Then I might value it again.
 Alas ! alas ! it may not be,
 I know our parting hour is nigh ;
 The dews of Death are on thy brow,
 The light of love hath left thine eye.

Yet ere thy spirit goes to join
 With her's—loved *only less* than thee—
 One token—Mother—dearest—give
 One parting word of love to me!"

It was too late—that voice was hushed
 And still;—its tender tone
 He'll hear no more,—'twill haunt to bless
 His memory alone.
 But *e'en in Death* his anguished words
 Could reach that Mother's heart,
 Could stay the flitting pulse of life,—
 And with a dying start,
 Her wasted arms she round him clasped,
 And strained him to her breast;
 And while her cold lip clung to his
 That Mother found her rest.

New-York, 1837.

H. E. A.

THE TOTEM.

BY A. B. STREET.

THE year 1755 is signalized as the commencement of the long and bloody war between England and France for empire in the forests of the Western world. The erection of Fort Du Quesne at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and the attack upon Colonel Washington at the Little Meadows, were considered by the former power as the gauntlet thrown by the latter to decide by the sword their respective claims to the vast region lying between the Apalachian chain and the Mississippi.

The defying roar of the British Lion immediately responded to the challenging shriek of the Gallic Eagle; and, accordingly, General Braddock was despatched, with a few regiments, by the cabinet of England, to uphold the pretensions of its monarch to the disputed territory.

Fort Du Quesne being of much importance, as its possession gave the French great control over the numerous tribes of Indians inhabiting the Ohio, its capture was first resolved on by the Convention held in Virginia: and the army destined for this enterprise, commanded by Braddock in person, left Cumberland post about the middle of June, in the year above-mentioned, and began its march through the Aboriginal wilderness.

It was at the close of day in the early part of July following the departure of troops that our story opens. The rich crimson and gold of sunset, broken into masses by the intervening forest, were glowing on a bend of the Monongahela ; and streaks of level light, darting through the thickets, lay upon the green bosom of a glade interspersed with trees, near the bank of the river. The scene was sleeping in the silence and solitude of nature, interrupted only by the sights and sounds characteristic of the forests.

A slanting beam glittered upon the crimson crest of the woodpecker, hammering on the sounding bark, disclosed the root-wreathed grotto of a squirrel chirping among the leaves at its entrance, and bathed the glossy sides of a magnificent deer quietly cropping the rich grass and long fern leaves that covered the spot with verdure. Suddenly the rolling taps of the woodpecker ceased ; the squirrel leaped to its little fortress ; and the deer, rearing his broad antlers, snuffed the air for a moment, and bounding over a thicket of laurel, disappeared in the furthest depths of the wood.

The cause of this affright among the sylvan inhabitants was soon explained by the rapid entrance of a form bearing the distinctive marks of an Indian warrior. He was tall and apparently young, his face profusely covered with the war paint ; in one hand he carried a rifle, in his belt a knife and tomahawk, and, mingling with a long tuft upon his head, was the plume of an eagle. He stood a moment in an attitude of intense listening ; and, as a faint sound swelled from the distance, stooped his ear to the earth, and then darted along a wild broken road which led from the glade into the bosom of the forest. Clambering to the highest bough of a gigantic oak which towered from a ledge at the side of the path, he cast his eye over the wide and leafy expanse around him. After a short gaze he descended, and again bounded to the glade ; and giving utterance to a short sharp cry, like the bark of a fox, the whole scene was changed in a moment. Hundreds of tawny forms, armed like the first, started from the hitherto motionless thickets and the innumerable interstices of the trees, and, crowding around the tall form of the warrior, presented a wild circle of glittering weapons and flashing eyeballs.

"Onwawisset," said he with the plume, "has seen the Long Knives on the trail, and they are many. But the tribe of the Eagle are brave ; will they fight with their Sachem ?"

A fierce gleaming of eyes fixed on the young Chief, and a universal clutching of rifles were the answers.

"They are coming like foolish bears to the trap," added he after a short pause. "Listen," as the blast of a distant bugle sounded through the forest, "they cry out like the wolf when he

scents the deer, but knows not that the lurking panther is before him." And then, as a nearer swell echoed around, he dashed into the forest, and the whole band, following one after another, and carefully concealing their trail, was lost in the deepening shadows cast from the branches in the approaching twilight.

The warble of the robin was swelling through the silence that had again settled on the scene, when the full sound of a bugle rung through the leafy arches. A loud trampling sounded in the direction of the road; a banner fluttered among the tree-tops, and a long line of British grenadiers, their red uniforms in striking contrast to the green tints of the wood, debouched from the narrow opening into the glade; and a loud command of "halt!" was given. Following these, and mounted, came two officers, one of an elderly aspect, and the other apparently twenty-two or three years of age. The mien of the former was that of a practised soldier, with an expression of great haughtiness in his stern eye and compressed brow. The latter, although he sat straight in his saddle, with much determination in his look, had evidently suffered from recent illness, and was still experiencing some of its consequent weakness from a shade of pallor cast over his fine features, and a slight languor perceptible in his commanding form.

Succeeding, file after file, came the main body of the army with the baggage waggons and field pieces, the green frocks of the Virginia rangers mingling with the uniforms of the artilleryists and light infantry.

While the necessary preparations were making for the night encampment, the two officers, having dismounted, were standing beneath the drooping boughs of an old chesnut, viewing the scene but out of ear-shot.

"Well, Colonel," said the elder to his companion, "we cannot be far from Du Quesne, and a night's rest will do my fellows some good; and before this time to-morrow I shall plant the banners of my king on the walls of the fort."

"Do you not think, General Braddock," answered the young soldier, respectfully but with firmness, "it will be better to march with more caution, and send out scouts to beat the woods as we approach our destination? These deep forests may hold many an enemy, and that of the subtlest kind, whose motions are as silent and unseen as the serpent's. I allude to the Indians."

"Tush! Colonel Washington," responded Braddock, "here are no enemies, unless you call these gigantic trees by that title, for they are the only things I have seen since we left the Little Meadows; and as for the Indians, one discharge of my cannon would disperse them like a pack of howling wolves."

"But could your Excellency," said Washington, "use your cannon with much effect where every trunk would be a shield, and every thicket a fortress to conceal the foe?"

"No more, Colonel Washington, I adopt my own course; no scouts are necessary; and let me tell you, sir, that when I took the command of this army, it was not to follow the advice of one who, instead of being my aid, aspires to be my catechist." So saying, the haughty and doomed General turned angrily away from the young soldier, whose features teemed with a look of inexpressible disgust.

The twilight was now assuming the duskiness of night, and deeper shadows were following momentarily over the surface of the Monongahela, upon the glade in which the army was now resting, and amid the boundless ocean-like forests.

In a hollow, thickly covered with delicate moss, a little removed from the glade and shadowed by the branching foliage, through whose parted summits the golden sparkle of a star was brightening, two figures were stretched, one clothed in the uniform of the Virginian rifle corps, while the other displayed the rich dress of the British regulars. The Virginian was amusing himself with picking the scauberry that lay like a crimson drop amid its creeping green embroidery; the other, after a preliminary yawn, interrupted the silence by saying—

"Of all forests, Melancourt, those in this America of yours I think must be the most interminable. Here have we been tramping for the last four days through a wilderness, without hardly catching a glimpse of the blessed sun. I hope we are near the fort, for I am heartily sick of this burrowing with the wild beasts."

"Without controverting your taste, Delancey," answered his companion, "I for my part like these vast solitudes of Nature. There is something inexpressibly grand to me in the sight of these glorious trees that have witnessed the flight of ages. There is an oak now, I'll warrant you, was a vigorous sapling at the first landing of Raleigh's expedition, and will wear its green coronet of leaves as freshly as now, long after you and I have returned to our original dust."

"Well, you are welcome to your taste for these gigantic excrescences; but give me the smooth meadows of old England with their ivyed castles. If you admire these things for their antiquity, you ought to reverence those hoary relics of a thousand years."

"I might dispute your claims," answered Melancourt, "as regards the greater antiquity of the two. This old chesnut, lifting its naked top, dripping with gray moss, I have no doubt has seen as many years as any of your crumbling castles, to which the hermit

eagle that has just flown from its summit, if he possessed the gift of speech, might testify." Then, as if wishing to change the theme which might involve him in the mazes of an argument, he added "But to leave speculation for sober realities; our worthy commander is a brave and skilful officer doubtless, but between you and me, Delancey, he will not do to fight Indians. This incautious manner of going through almost impervious wilds, the very home, too, of our savage enemies, will expose us to great peril, should they strike our trail; I believe now we shall meet with an ambuscade before we arrive at the fort."

"Let them come," said Delancey, carelessly, "and they will feel the weight of an Englishman's arm."

"Mere courage will never do," responded the other; "however, we must obey orders if death is the consequence."

"Your countryman, Colonel Washington, is a fine specimen of a soldier," observed Delancey; "how gallantly he struggled against his sickness."

"Yes," answered Melancourt, "young as he is he has given proofs of talent and energy which, sooner or later, will carry him to greatness."

There was a pause, which was interrupted by Melancourt, who, turning to his companion, said:—

"Do you know I have a sort of liking for these red warriors."

"Why so?" asked Delancey, in some surprise.

"On account of an Indian boy who was domesticated for some years under my father's roof," answered the Virginian; "it was quite a romantic incident."

"Do tell it then; it will be some consolation for the stings of these infernal mosquitoes that are phlebotomizing me most unmercifully," said Delancey, threshing the air with a leafy branch to repel the attacks of the buzzing insects the marshes of the river had sent forth in clouds.

"When I was about fourteen years old," commenced Melancourt, "an aged Indian, accompanied by a lad of apparently my own age, came to our dwelling, and asked lodgings for the night. The old man seemed to be suffering greatly from disease, and my father bade him welcome. In the course of the night we were awakened by the cries of the boy; and, hastening to the apartment of the aged savage, found him writhing in the agonies of death. He had barely time to inform my father that he was a chief of the Delaware nation, and that, accompanied by this lad, his son, was on his way to visit a distant tribe, when he had been attacked with the illness which was now producing his death. He entreated my father to protect his son until means could be taken to send him to his tribe, which was

far distant ; and, on receiving the promise, he expired. The young Indian showed so much gratitude and affection, that, after waiting a length of time for some one to claim him, my father, who was a widower, and I his only child, adopted him. Joscelyn, the name we gave him, exhibited frequent evidences of the most daring courage with the most unbounded love for us both ; and saved me once from drowning at the imminent peril of his own life. With an art he had acquired amongst his nation, he tattooed on my breast the figure of an eagle, with the names of Melancourt and Joscelyn, surrounded by a chain of wampum." Here the Virginian, parting his garments, disclosed to Delancey, by the aid of a broad pensile of silver cast by the moon rising above the tree-tops, the representation beautifully worked upon his bosom.

"About eight years ago," resumed Melancourt, "my father embarked for England, taking me with him, leaving Joscelyn and an old family servant in charge of his dwelling ; and after a long and stormy passage, we reached the mother country. His intention was to make a short visit, but circumstances delayed us far beyond our time ; and two years elapsed before we again returned to our home in Virginia. Surprised at not finding Joscelyn the first to welcome us, my first inquiries were of him. Our old domestic informed me, that some time after our embarkation, news had reached them that our vessel had been wrecked. Joscelyn gave himself up to an extremity of despair and grief, and a long period having elapsed without further tidings from us, one morning he presented himself to the old servant, dressed in his native garb, bade him an everlasting adieu and left the dwelling. Since then, nothing had been heard of him. My father and myself have made many inquiries, but with little effect, except floating rumours that he is at present a distinguished warrior, if not a chief, of one of the tribes about the Ohio."

"Quite a novel relation, upon my honour," said Delancey. "Suppose, lieutenant, you were to meet him in battle in these wild forests."

"I should not wonder," answered Melancourt, smiling ; "but I do not think I should know him, so many years having elapsed since I saw him last."

Here Melancourt was interrupted by a terrific shriek, that swelled through the forests so clear, shrill, and piercing, that it thrilled through the brains of the young soldiers, so as almost to deafen their faculties.

"What the deuce is that ?" ejaculated Delancey, starting from his lying posture to his feet, and placing his hands to his head.

"That is the scream of what we natives call a panther," answered Melancourt, laughing.

"Well, if your woods grow such creatures as that, I would rather be excused from being in them again after once escaping. Whew! my ears ring and tingle with the sound yet."

"It is a common one in our forests," returned the Virginian; "listen to his whining," as broken tones came from the darkness, succeeded by a sudden crash; "that is his spring to some lower branch. Now hold your breath for a moment, and you will hear the howl of a wolf."

Delancey listened intently, and borne on the light creeping air-sighs, came a long mournful sound, rising full upon the ear, and sinking again like a dying echo. This tone was taken up by an owl, which, shrouded by the leaves, commenced his jarring seesaw, joined by a whip-poor-will, whistling its monotonous notes like an anchorite repeating his orisons to the moon.

"Quite a forest serenade," said Delancey.

"Well, let us to rest," cried Melancourt; "the sentinels are posted I see, and more of them too than usual; that shows a little more caution in our general at any rate."

So saying, the two friends left their position for one nearer the glade, and within the circle formed by the baggage-waggons and pieces of artillery, where the troops were reposing on their arms, with the rich grass for their pillows and the foliage of the trees for their canopy. Selecting a mound of soft moss, and stretching their watch-coats over it, the youths composed themselves for sleep. In a short space the scene was silent, except the sweet and continuous murmur of the river ripples—the slumberous sounds of the numberless insects—now and then the pawing of some restless horse, and the clattering of a weapon, as the sleeper turned in his natural couch, with the splendid moon throwing her silver mantle on the summits of the forests, and darting her gleams through the intercepting trees, to scatter them in sprinkled spots and broken streaks on the green surface of the glade.

The clear melody of the brown thrasher, the American lark, was sounding from the top of a gigantic pine where he had perched himself, warbling in three distinct gradations; now in a low, liquid tone, then rising higher and fuller, and ending in a clear, shrill flourish, and the gray light was brightening into effulgence, when the reveille rattled through the forest, and each soldier sprang from his lair, obedient to the summons.

"Up, man, up!" said Melancourt to his friend; "the sunbeams will be dancing in your eyes if you lay there much longer."

"Egad," said Delancey, with a yawn, "that cursed drum woke me from as pleasant a dream as I ever had. I thought I was in England"—"Officers, to your post!" commanded the stern voice of

Braddock ; "form the order of march !" and, mounting his horse, with Colonel Washington by his side, the whole turned towards the Monongahela, across which the path lay towards the fort.

So much difficulty and delay were experienced in crossing the river, that the sun had nearly attained his meridian before the army had again formed in regular array.

It was one of those brilliant days that sometimes beams from the forehead of the all-powerful and immaculate Essence to brighten his footstool with beauty. Clouds of the most delicate and pearly whiteness floated gently through a sky of softened azure, and wafted sometimes across the sun's disc, streamed over it like veils with fringes of glittering silver.

At intervals the interminable leaves of the boundless forest would tremble in faint stealing sighs of wind, as though the air was breathing in its deep and regular slumber. The tall shafts of the trees reared their arches and roofs of foliage in a silence, majestic from the grandeur of the scale in which Nature was exhibited.

As the troops proceeded over the wild road which was now indicated by "blazes" on the huge trunks, now choked by clumps of laurel and small saplings, and now showing faint wheel-marks, the brown carpet of withered leaves which had covered the earth gave place to long grass, while the thickets became denser and more frequent.

The broad edges of shadow lay on the moss-mounds that swelled the surface of the road, and darkened the snake-like roots that thrust themselves out from the border of forest on either side.

"How far should you think, Colonel, we were from Du Quesne ?" inquired Braddock of his companion.

"About seven miles, if my recollection serves me," answered Washington. "Is it not best now to send the Virginia riflemen in advance ?"

"No, no, Colonel Washington, there is no danger of an attack, and his Majesty's regulars shall give place to none."

While this conversation was proceeding, Melancourt was marching by the side of his friend, and expatiating on his favourite beauties of forest scenes.

"Is not this as lovely as any in your native England, Delancey ? Observe that tall maple, lifting its leafy mass like a Gothic roof with the broken sunshine sprinkled in golden dots on its leaves. Do you see that startled partridge in the spot of light dropped from the crooked branches of yon birch, swelling its mottled breast and stretching its long neck as if too frightened to fly ? Hark ! there it whirrs away. We are treading on grass as soft and green as velvet, and the very musket of that soldier has trailed over a spot perfectly

starred with violets. What a wall of foliage on each side too, Delancey; and yon hovering hawk seems a dark spot on the cloud hanging over that pine like a snow flake. Here is a place so open you can see the grasshopper springing, and there is a thicket that a wren could hardly penetrate; ha!" ejaculated he, as he fixed his gaze on a thick clustering bush.

"What's the matter now, Melancourt?" asked Delancey.

"I declare to you," whispered the Virginian, "I saw the gleam of an eye from yonder thicket."

"Pshaw! man," said his friend, "it was only some rabbit looking with astonishment at our red coats and muskets."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Melancourt, doubtingly; "but I will to my post in the contingency of an attack."

He had barely rejoined his company when the air was rent with loud wild sounds, louder and wilder than the shrieks of a thousand famished eagles—sounds that made the hearts of the boldest tremble, so indicative were they of ferocity and blood; and with the terrific war-whoops from bush, from tree, and waving grass, came a terrific crash; the sharp tone of the rifle and the full ring of the musket blended in one fearful simultaneous discharge. Down dropped the soldiers, like leaves of Autumn beneath the roaring hail-stones, while higher and fiercer pealed the whoops, and thicker and faster echoed the reports; and from the forest in front and on either side rushed fiery, and smoking, and whistling death.

Bewildered and panic-struck, the regulars composing the van of the army recoiled back upon the main body, where Braddock, undaunted, supplying by courage what he lacked in prudence, was vainly endeavouring to form his broken files, momentarily falling beneath the deadly bullets of the invisible foe. "Form, men, form!" shouted he, as he galloped among his soldiers, when a shot struck his steed, which, springing with a convulsive motion, fell headlong to the earth. It required but a moment's lapse for the General to catch another from among the many scouring around riderless, and he was again vainly endeavouring to stem the torrent of havoc, confusion, and dismay.

"Form! form!" shouted he continually, his voice rising above the cries, groans, and whoopings of the fight. "Does he think it parade day?" muttered a grim old sergeant, "that he orders us to form amongst a legion of yelling devils that we can't see?"

At this junction Colonel Washington galloped up to the Virginia troops, who were using their rifles wherever the gushes of smoke from the bushes betokened the presence of an enemy, and ordered each to his cover. Hitherto the assailants had been concealed; but, elated by their success, wild countenances were now

glancing above the thickets, with here and there the plumed cap of a Frenchman ; and with a burst of war-whoops, the whole band bounded from their ambush full upon the disordered ranks of the English soldiery. Then it was that the rifles of Virginia did good service, as they poured each from his shelter a destructive fire, fully attested by the fall of many a savage foe.

Melancourt, from behind the tree where he had posted himself, had just discharged his weapon, when his attention was attracted to the tall form of an Indian warrior, with an eagle's plume streaming over his head, by the activity and courage he displayed. Now crouching with his pointed rifle, now leaping with his brandished tomahawk, he distributed death wherever he appeared. "He fights more like a demon than a man," whispered one of his men to another. At this instant the young Virginian saw Braddock dashing amongst the struggling throng, and the Indian taking deliberate aim at his person ; the next, and the form of the General sunk from his horse and disappeared in the wild surges of the desperate conflict. Then commenced the flight of the soldiery. In vain Washington endeavoured to arrest the backward rush ; in vain with his own hand he wheeled one of the pieces of artillery, and woke its thunder upon the shouting and triumphant foe. Speeding with the impetuosity of fear, the army fled towards the Monongahela to seek shelter on its opposite shore.

Melancourt had again emptied his rifle, and was about joining in the indiscriminate retreat, when his eye once more caught the figure of the Indian before-mentioned engaged in a desperate hand to hand conflict with a British officer, whom he discovered at a glance to be Delancey ; the latter with his sword, and the former with his tomahawk.

To cast his useless weapon aside, whirl his sabre from its sheath and bound to the spot, was the work of a moment for the Virginian.

A single leap would have placed him at the side of his friend, but at that instant the tomahawk made a glittering sweep, and Delancey fell dead at the feet of Melancourt with the weapon buried deep in his temple. The young officer heard the Indian's yell of triumph, and saw the gleam of his rolling and fiery eyes as he clutched his knife and bent back his form for a spring upon his new antagonist ; but as he bounded forward, Melancourt, with a rapid thrust, plunged his sword into the tawny breast of the savage. The spot had in a measure been screened from sight ; but a near burst of war-whoops meeting the ear of the Virginian, he perceived a large band of Indians advancing upon him, and taking a last look of his friend, he mingled with the retreating crowds which were seeking safety on the other side of the Monongahela.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VANDERLYN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Retrospection—An interview and its consequences.

"Bald disjointed chat."—*Shakspeare.*

I ALLUDED in the last chapter to the motives which had actuated my conduct during the singular scene described therein. The events from which those motives spring I will now recapitulate as briefly as possible.

Some strange things had happened near the scenes of my early home during the short eighteen months which had rolled over since I left it. Else, my first boyish love, had become the bride of another—of one far beneath her condition in life ; of one, too, whom she could never have loved—could never have thought a moment of marrying, if some underhand influence had not been brought to bear upon her destiny. Jocelyn, in a word, was said to have made up the match, and there were strange and horrible surmises afloat at the time that he had urged this uncongenial union upon the poor girl in order to conceal the loss of honour, of which his villany had robbed her. I had never tried to fathom the story—I have never since attempted it. A stain had come over the brightest tissue of my memory, and I cared not to know how dark or how deep might be its dye ; enough for me that the damned spot was there, and that no effort of mine could wash it out. But I longed to avenge the wrongs of that gentle and ill-fated girl ; and I determined, if it could be done without involving her name or her fame, that her seducer should account to me for the ruin he had wrought. There was then, therefore, more of eagerness than of anxiety in the emotions with which I waited to hear from him in the morning.

But the hour of that heartless libertine had not yet come ; and I, by some strange fatality, was destined to find him who had darkened the past to me, still clouding my onward career : the trail of the serpent was doomed again and again to cross my path in life, but it was for another heel than mine to crush the monster at the last. Jocelyn, though I verily believe him as brave a villain as ever lived without a conscience—and your smooth-faced healthy looking scoundrels are only such because they are not troubled with such an inconvenience—was like most sensualists, too fond of life to peril it

in a quarrel which might be avoided, and which, however successful in its issue, could not enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments by removing an obstacle from his path.

I was scarcely awake in the morning before there was a rap at my chamber door, and my cousin, with a free jaunty air, entered my room.

"Well, Washington," he cried, "I'm devilish glad we've found each other out in this big city, though the greeting you gave me last night was none of the kindest. Now don't apologise, my dear fellow; I know it was only one of those ebullitions which all young fencers are liable to in the heat of the sport. By the way, you hold a capital foil. I'faith it fairly peeled the skin from my *pomum adami*," added he, putting his fingers to his throat, and laughing good-naturedly as he threw himself into an arm-chair, and commenced poking the fire with the most superlatively at-home air. "Ah! a bust of Bony, eh? glad am I that that grizzly old sabreur of his was not your antagonist last night. He'd have had you out at six this morning for such a coup as I swallowed, to a dead certainty; nay, nay, don't say any thing about it, cousin of mine, but dress, and I'll breakfast with you, and we'll have a talk about old times or the town, whichever you choose," &c. &c.

In this rattle-pated way did Jocelyn run on, leaving me no opportunity of putting in a word, until so many subjects of conversation intervened that it was impossible to revert to that one in particular which was unquestionably uppermost in the minds of both us. I will confess that the art of my cousin duped me for the time completely, and made me doubt whether one capable of such magnanimity could really have played the ungenerous and depraved part he was said to have acted toward the unfortunate ward of his father. The reader will remember, that at that time I had but little knowledge of the world, except through the medium of books, whose teaching is worse than none, so far as it initiates us into character; leaving the mind to theorise, where it ought to content itself with observing and inducing the building up of systems instead of the collection of facts. Jocelyn resembled no villain of which the books that I had read furnished a counterpart, and therefore I could not fathom his iniquity. Unlike Iago, and his various copies in the works of fiction, he was bad, not from the predominance of vicious passions, but from the total absence of any one governing good one. There was no jarring in the elements of his moral constitution, but an utter want of the qualities which are a check upon depraved impulses: a *hiatus* which, however to be deplored by others, still left him at peace with himself. The new science of phrenology can perhaps best explain such idiosyncracies.

It is not surprising, therefore, that young, inexperienced, and of a social disposition, I was in a measure carried away by the off-hand address of my cousin. We breakfasted and dined together that day, Jocelyn calling for me again at three o'clock, and refusing to take any denial, as I endeavoured to avoid accompanying him to his hotel. We sat long after dinner; the last loiterer at the public table disappeared, and my cousin ordering a fourth bottle of Madeira with some segars to his room, we adjourned thither and commenced a new session.

"Well, Washington," said he, filling my glass as we established ourselves by the fire, "here we are comfortably together, and it's only strange that we have not before met. What, in the name of all that's beautiful, have you been doing with yourself that I should not have seen you anywhere? You brought letters, I suppose; you visit, eh!"

"Not in the gay world. I know but few families, and as yet I have seen but little of them."

"The less the better, perhaps. Society is at best a bore, and I can introduce you to some friends who will make your time pass more agreeably than any you can meet in the beau monde."

"I care very little about extending my acquaintance at present; I would rather employ my time now in fitting myself for the world, where I shall shortly have to make my own way."

"Ah! you are forming yourself on Chesterfield's plan, eh? cramming till one and twenty, with the expectation of being able then to cut books altogether, and make men, henceforth, your study. The old courtier's patent method of making a man of the world, did not, as you know, succeed, and trust me it never will. If you would make any thing of a character, mind and manners must be nurtured simultaneously, and developed in due proportion. You must mingle the study of books and men in your youth, and not cultivate one faculty, not exercise one intellectual muscle at the expense of the others, or you will have a left-handed understanding all your life."

"I grant your greater experience in these things, Jocelyn," answered I, "but your illustration does not convince me that I am wrong. I regard youth as a season merely of preparation and study, a time to lay up *materiel* to be shaped and used afterward. What makes our young men so raw and jejune in all their views of things, but their mode of education? A system—or rather a want of system, teaches them in this country to think for themselves before they know any thing of the lights of others—to exercise their minds before they have any thing for them to act upon—to use their judgments without hesitation at a period when the imagination is most active—and to speculate and theorize with a flimsy

freedom upon the gravest and most important matters. What but this gives its sting to the sneer of the European, when he calls us a half-educated people?"

"And what but this," he answered, "what but this bold grappling of the intellect with every thing that is brought within its reach in the season of its vigour; what but this ready adaptation of the mind to all things at the time when it is most pliant, gives our countrymen that suppleness, not to say vigour of intellect, which, I am ready to uphold, they exhibit above all other people? What—"

"Certainly," interrupted I; "it is the very thing to make them a nation of intellectual harlequins; but the mental fibre that is thus produced, however elastic, is not likely to be either healthy or strong. It is a fungous growth, which has no more stamina than the spongy wood of the swamp ash when compared to the close grain of its mountain brother. Moral force must be the true basis of all intellectual superiority."

"Moral fiddlesticks!—pardon me—but who the devil has innoculated you with this pedantry, Washington? This is the age of expediency, not of principle; and unless you mean to preach an intellectual crusade, you must not try and be deeper than those around you. The world has grown wise, and finds it can live as comfortably in a stuccoed palace as in one of marble; and why waste a lifetime in digging foundations for one of the latter when at last you will only rear walls of brick and mortar upon them? The *esse quam videri* is a motto now always read backward, and quackery, so long an art, has been raised into the dignity of a science. But come, finish that bottle, and we'll look in at the theatre."

Cooke was playing Richard for his benefit at the Park that night, and a large and fashionable audience was of course assembled upon the occasion. The interior of this establishment was somewhat differently arranged before it was burned down of late years. The stage boxes on either side were partitioned off from the others by a screen, painted or hung with crimson, and having a large oval mirror in the centre to relieve its heavy appearance. I had hardly taken my seat upon one of the back benches of the dress circle, and was gazing intently upon Cooke, who was making one of his peculiar exits—shaking his forefinger as if at some object behind the scenes—when, as my eye followed his retiring figure to the extreme side of the stage, I caught a face reflected in one of these mirrors which excited in me the strongest interest. I was at first a little bewildered by its beautiful features, and though certain they were known to me, it was some moments before I could identify their possessor, whom I was at last fully satisfied was no other than the

heroine of my steam boat adventure described in the third chapter of these memoirs. I have hitherto omitted to mention how it happened that I had not followed up an acquaintance so propitiously begun; but the fact is, a very simple occurrence—the loss of the card containing her address in the street encounter soon after I landed in New-York—had put it completely out of my power. I had, however, thought frequently of her in the meantime, and so pleased was I at now finding myself thus accidentally near her, that the crowded state of the theatre alone prevented me from instantly approaching and claiming her acquaintance. In the mean time as I sat fixedly gazing upon the lady in the hope of catching her eye and exchanging a glance of recognition, my eagerness to make myself known received a slight check from a circumstance which struck me rather unpleasantly. Jocelyn's eye was fixed upon the mirror in which her face was reflected as she sat with her back toward us, and scarcely a minute passed before I saw them exchange a significant smile, which sufficiently intimated the most familiar acquaintance. Neither of them changed their position or intimated any surprise when their glances met; but, surveying each other calmly in the mirror, the lady repaid a familiar and patronizing nod on the part of my cousin with the submissive smile of one who valued his countenance and approval. *His* approval!—"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, mentally, with a degree of pique I would scarcely acknowledge to myself; "are the whole sex demented, that the opinion of Jocelyn is so dear to them? Why should a girl of fashion like that return his easy nod with a smile and a bow such as a prince might be content to awaken, or a bashaw to exact from his favourites. Jocelyn," said I, aloud, turning to him abruptly, "introduce me to that pretty woman you are nodding to."

"The very object for which I brought you here," he replied; "you know who she is I suppose? you've heard her sing at the concerts."

"Neither."

"What! never heard of Mrs. G—— Calanthè, as her friends call her? Well, she makes her first appearance upon the stage to-night, singing *incog.* in the chorus preparatory to an engagement which P——e has promised her conditionally. I assure you you will be delighted if we can get a seat where you can hear some of her notes. Her place is on the O. P. side of the stage, as I learnt at rehearsal the other day, and we must manage to get in A's box."

The curtain fell on the first piece, and the subject of our conversation, who appeared to be attended only by a well-dressed servant, was handed from her seat by the stage manager, or some other gentleman who came from behind the scenes for the purpose. Jocelyn

in the meantime had secured admission for both of us in the south orchestra box ; and as the opera proceeded, " Calanthè " in due time appeared upon the scene. Incledon, during his first visit to this country, had spoken in the highest terms of her vocal powers ; and though no judge of musical execution myself, yet never did I hear any thing so sweet and thrilling as the voice of that woman. Byron has since said, that

" The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

Had the couplet been written then, there was no human being to whom it could more perfectly apply than to Calanthè. There was a reedy richness in her tones—an arrowy flight of bird-like warbling, that seemed to bear her very spirit up, and waft the soul of the listener along with it.

Yet not in singing alone, but in every shade of conversation, whether serious or light, that mellow and matchless voice carried an irresistible charm with it. I hung upon every word that she uttered at the supper table—for Jocelyn had introduced her, and we drove home to her lodgings from the theatre together. I drank in her most trivial remark as if fraught with point or feeling ; and though internally chagrined that she did not allude to the old claim upon her acquaintance, which it did not become me to press, I yielded up my whole soul for the time to her fascinations. Long and ardently did I gaze upon her plastic and eloquent features—upon her full but exquisitely moulded form ; and when the waning night warned us to leave the sorceress to her repose, I bore away with me an impression that was long to trouble mine.

I am now coming to a part of my memoirs over which self-love would prompt me to draw a veil ; but bearing in mind the motto I have chosen for these volumes,* I shall not shield this part of my career from scrutiny—I shall boldly dissect my own life and conduct, in order that the latter may serve to warn him that standeth to take heed lest he fall ; and that the moral of the former may hold out the blessed hope of retrieval to him that hath fallen.

* There is a Divinity which shapes our ends rough hew them how we will.
Shakspeare. (See chap. 1.)

(To be continued.)

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Lockhart's Life of Scott, (the first half-volume.) Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

THE whole work, to be published in monthly parts or half-volumes, will form three complete vols. 8vo., and find its place in every library, public and private, in the United States. The subject of the memoir, the greatest literary genius that has appeared since the days of Shakspeare; and the peculiar qualifications of the biographer, his son-in-law, conspire to render it a work of the deepest interest; and, as such, it will be sought after with avidity. We shall have much pleasure in examining it more at length hereafter, and in the mean time the following extracts will give our readers some idea of the style in which Mr. Lockhart treats his subject.

THE BOYHOOD OF SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, Saturday night, 15th of the gloomy month when the people of England hang and drown themselves.

"* * * * * "I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on; it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash he goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know every thing—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso, like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know every thing.'—Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing; he is not quite six years old. He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic.

"Some particulars in Mrs. Cockburn's account appear considerably at variance with what Sir Walter has told us respecting his own boyish proficiency—especially in the article of pronunciation. On that last head, however, Mrs. Cockburn was not, probably, a very accurate judge: all that can be said is, that if at this early period he had acquired any thing which could be justly described as an English accent, he soon lost, and never again recovered, what he had thus gained from his short residence in Bath. In after life his pronunciation of words, considered separately, was seldom much different from that of a well-educated Englishman of his time; but he used many words in a sense which belonged to Scotland not to England, and the tone and accent remained broadly Scotch, though, unless in the *burr*, which no doubt smacked of the country bordering on Northumberland, there was no provincial peculiarity about his utter-

ance. He had strong powers of mimicry—could talk with a peasant quite in his own style, and frequently in general society introduced rustic *patois*, northern, southern, or midland, with great truth and effect; but these things were inlaid dramatically, or playfully, upon his narrative. His exquisite taste in this matter was not less remarkable in his conversation than in the prose of his Scotch novels.

"Another lady, nearly connected with the Keiths of Ravelstone, has a lively recollection of young Walter, when paying a visit much about the same period to his kind relation, the mistress of that picturesque old mansion, which furnished him in after days with many of the features of his Tully-Veolan, and whose venerable gardens, with their massive hedges of yew and holly, he always considered as the ideal of the art. The lady, whose letter I have now before me, says she distinctly remembers the sickly boy sitting at the gate of the house with his attendant, when a poor mendicant approached, old and woe-begone, to claim the charity which none asked for in vain at Ravelstone. When the man was retiring, the servant remarked to Walter that he ought to be thankful to Providence for having placed him above the want and misery he had been contemplating. 'The child looked up with a half wistful, half incredulous expression,'—and said *Homer was a beggar!* How do you know that? said the other—Why, don't you remember, answered the little Virtuoso,—that

'Seven Roman cities strove for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread?'

"The lady smiled at the '*Roman cities*,'—but already

'Each blank in faithless memory void
The poet's glowing thought supplied.'

"It was in this same year, 1777, that he spent some time at Prestonpans; made his first acquaintance with George Constable, the original of his Monk-barns; explored the field where Colonel Gardiner received his death-wound, under the learned guidance of Dalgetty; and marked the spot 'where the grass grew long and green, distinguishing it from the rest of the field,' above the grave of poor Balmawhapple.

"His uncle Thomas, whom I have described as I saw him in extreme old age at Monkclaw, had the management of the farm affairs at Sandy-Knowe, when Walter returned thither from Prestonpans; he was a kind-hearted man, and very fond of the child. Appearing, on his return, somewhat strengthened, his uncle promoted him from the Cow-bailie's shoulder to a dwarf of the Shetland race, not so large as many a Newfoundland dog. This creature walked freely into the house, and was regularly fed from the boy's hand. He soon learned to sit her well, and often alarmed aunt Jenny, by cantering over the rough places about the tower. In the evening of his life, when he had a grandchild afflicted with an infirmity akin to his own, he provided her with a little mare of the same breed, and gave her the name of *Marion*, in memory of this early favourite.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLY A VOLUNTEER.

"Among the common tastes which served to knit these friends together, was their love of horsemanship, in which, as in all other manly exercises, Skene highly excelled; and the fears of a French invasion becoming every day more serious, their thoughts were turned with corresponding zeal to the project of organizing a force of mounted volunteers in Scotland. 'The London Light-horse has set the example'—(says Mr. Skene)—'but in truth it was to Scott's ardour that this force in the North owed its origin. Unable, by reason of his lameness, to serve amongst his friends on foot, he had nothing for it but to rouse the spirit of the moss-trooper, with which he readily inspired all who possessed the means of substituting the sabre for the musket.'

"On the 14th of February, 1797, these friends and many more met and drew up an offer to serve as a body of volunteer cavalry in Scotland; which offer, being transmitted through the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord-Lieutenant of Mid-Lothian, was accepted by government. The organization of the corps proceeded rapidly; they extended their offer to serve in any part of the island in case of actual invasion; and this also being accepted, the whole arrangement was shortly completed; when Charles Maitland, Esq. of Rankeillor, was elected Major-Commandant; (Sir) William Rae of St. Catharines, Captain; James Gordon of Craig, and George Robinson of Clermiston, Lieutenants; (Sir) William Forbes

of Pitsligo, and James Skene of Rubislaw, Cornets; Walter Scott, Paymaster, Quartermaster, and Secretary; John Adams, Adjutant. But the treble duties thus devolved on Scott were found to interfere too severely with his other avocations, and Colin Mackenzie of Portmore relieved him soon afterwards from those of paymaster.

"The part of quartermaster," says Mr. Skene, "was properly selected for him, that he might be spared the rough usage of the ranks; but, notwithstanding his infirmity, he had a remarkably firm seat on horseback, and in all situations a fearless one: no fatigue ever seemed too much for him, and his zeal and animation served to sustain the enthusiasm of the whole corps, while his ready 'mot à rire' kept up, in all, a degree of good-humour and relish for the service, without which, the toil and privations of long *daily* drills would not easily have been submitted to by such a body of gentlemen. At every interval of exercise, the order, *sit at ease*, was the signal for the quartermaster to lead the squadron to merriment; every eye was intuitively turned on 'Earl Walter,' as he was familiarly called by his associates of that date, and his ready joke seldom failed to raise the ready laugh. He took his full share in all the labours and duties of the corps, had the highest pride in its progress and proficiency, and was such a trooper himself, as only a very powerful frame of body and the warmest zeal in the cause could have enabled any one to be. But his habitual good-humour was the great charm; and at the daily mess (for we all dined together when in quarters) that reigned supreme."

"Earl Walter's first charger, by the way, was a tall and powerful animal named *Lenore*. These daily drills appear to have been persisted in during the spring and summer of 1797; the corps spending moreover some weeks in quarters at Musselburgh. The majority of the troop having professional duties to attend to, the ordinary hour for drill was five in the morning; and when we reflect, that after some hours of hard work in this way, Scott had to produce himself regularly in the Parliament House with gown and wig, for the space of four or five hours at least, while his chamber practice, though still humble, was on the increase—and that he had found a plentiful source of new social engagements in his troop connections—it certainly could have excited no surprise had his literary studies been found suffering total intermission during this busy period. That such was not the case, however, his correspondence and note-books afford ample evidence."

SCOTT AND CRITICISM.

"Shortly after the complete 'Minstrelsy' issued from the press, Scott made his first appearance as a reviewer. The Edinburgh Review had been commenced in October, 1802, under the superintendence of the Rev. Sidney Smith, with whom, during his short residence in Scotland, he had lived on terms of great kindness and familiarity. Mr. Smith soon resigned the editorship to Mr. Jeffrey, who had by this time been for several years among the most valued of Scott's friends and companions at the bar; and, the new journal being far from committing itself to violent politics at the outset, he appreciated the brilliant talents regularly engaged in it far too highly, not to be well pleased with the opportunity of occasionally exercising his pen in its service. His first contribution was, I believe, an article on Southey's *Amadis of Gaul*, included in the number for October, 1803. Another, on Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, appeared in the same number:—a third, on Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*; a fourth, on Ellis's *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry*; and a fifth, on the *Life and Works of Chatterton*, appeared in the course of 1804.

"During the summer of 1803, however, his chief literary labour was still on the 'Tristrem;' and I shall presently give some further extracts from his letters to Ellis, which will amply illustrate the spirit with which he continued his researches about the Seer of Ercildoune, and the interruptions which these owed to the prevalent alarm of French invasion. Both as Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light-horse, and as Sheriff of The Forest, he had a full share of responsibility in the warlike arrangements to which the authorities of Scotland had at length been roused; nor were the duties of his two offices considered as strictly compatible by Francis Lord Napier, then Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire; for I find several letters in which his Lordship complains that the incessant drills and musters of Musselburgh and Portobello prevented the Sheriff from attending county meetings held at Selkirk in the course of this summer and autumn, for the purpose of organizing the trained bands of the Forest, on a scale hitherto un-

attempted. Lord Napier strongly urges the propriety of his resigning his connection with the Edinburgh troop, and fixing his summer residence somewhere within the limits of his proper jurisdiction; nay, he goes so far as to hint, that if these suggestions should be neglected, it must be his duty to state the case to the government. Scott could not be induced (least of all by a threat,) while the fears of invasion still prevailed, to resign his place among his old companions of 'the voluntary brand;' but he seems to have presently acquiesced in the propriety of the Lord Lieutenant's advice respecting a removal from Lasswade to Etrick Forest.

"The following extract is from a letter written at Musselburgh during this summer or autumn:—

"Miss Seward's acceptable favour reaches me in a place, and at a time, of great bustle, as the corps of voluntary cavalry to which I belong is quartered for a short time in the village, for the sake of drilling and discipline. Nevertheless, had your letter announced the name of the gentleman who took the trouble of forwarding it, I would have made it my business to find him out, and to prevail on him, if possible, to spend a day or two with us in quarters. We are here assuming a very military appearance. Three regiments of militia, with a formidable park of artillery, are encamped just by us. The Edinburgh troop, to which I have the honour to be quartermaster, consists entirely of young gentlemen of family, and is, of course, admirably well mounted and armed. There are other four troops in the regiment, consisting of yeomanry, whose iron faces and muscular forms announce the hardness of the climate against which they wrestle, and the powers which nature has given them to contend with and subdue it. These corps have been easily raised in Scotland, the farmers being in general a high-spirited race of men, fond of active exercises, and patient of hardship and fatigue. For myself, I must own that to one who has, like myself, *la tête un peu exaltée*, the pomp and circumstance of war gives, for a time, a very poignant and pleasing sensation. The imposing appearance of cavalry, in particular, and the rush which marks their onset, appear to me to partake highly of the sublime. Perhaps I am the more attached to this sort of sport of swords, because my health requires much active exercise, and a lameness contracted in childhood renders it inconvenient for me to take it otherwise than on horseback. I have, too, a hereditary attachment to the animal—not, I flatter myself, of the common jockey cast, but because I regard him as the kindest and most generous of the subordinate tribes. I hardly even except the dogs; at least they are usually so much better treated, that compassion for the steed should be thrown into the scale when we weigh their comparative merits. My wife, (a foreigner,) never sees a horse ill-used without asking what that poor horse has done in his state of pre-existence? I would fain hope they have been carters or hackney-coachmen, and are only experiencing a retort of the ill-usage they have formerly inflicted. What think you?"

"It appears that Miss Seward had sent Scott some obscure magazine criticism on his 'Minstrelsy,' in which the censor had condemned some phrase as naturally suggesting a low idea. The lady's letter not having been preserved, I cannot explain farther the sequel of that from which I have been quoting. Scott says, however:—

"I am infinitely amused with your sagacious critic. God wot I have often admired the vulgar subtlety of such minds as can with a depraved ingenuity attach a mean or disgusting sense to an epithet capable of being otherwise understood, and more frequently, perhaps, used to express an elevated idea. In many parts of Scotland the word *virtue* is limited entirely to *industry*; and a young divine who preached upon the moral beauties of virtue was considerably surprised at learning that the whole discourse was supposed to be a panegyric upon a particular damsel who could spin fourteen spindles of yarn in the course of a week. This was natural; but your literary critic has the merit of going very far a-field to fetch home his degrading association."

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE OF SCOTT AND WORDSWORTH.

"It was in the September of this year that Scott first saw Wordsworth. Their mutual acquaintance, Stoddart, had so often talked of them to each other, that they met as if they had not been strangers; and they parted friends.

"Mr. and Miss Wordsworth had just completed that tour in the Highlands, of which so many incidents have since been immortalized, both in the poet's

verse and in the hardly less poetical prose of his sister's Diary. On the morning of the 17th of September, having left their carriage at Rosslyn, they walked down the valley to Lasswade, and arrived there before Mr. and Mrs. Scott had risen. 'We were received,' Mr. Wordsworth has told me, 'with that frank cordiality which, under whatever circumstances I afterwards met him, always marked his manners; and, indeed, I found him then in every respect—except, perhaps, that his animal spirits were somewhat higher—precisely the same man that you knew him in latter life; the same lively, entertaining conversation, full of anecdote, and averse from disquisition; the same cheerful and benevolent and hopeful views of man and the world. He partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant, the first four cantos of the Lay of the Last Minstrel; and the novelty of manners, the clear picturesque descriptions, and the easy glowing energy of much of the verse, greatly delighted me.'

"After this he walked with the tourists to Rosslyn, and promised to meet them in two days at Melrose. The night before they reached Melrose they slept at the little quiet inn of Clovenford, where, on mentioning his name, they were received with all sorts of attention and kindness,—the landlady observing that Mr. Scott, 'who was a very clever gentleman,' was an old friend of the house, and usually spent a good deal of time there during the fishing season; but, indeed, says Mr. Wordsworth, 'wherever we named him, we found the word acted as an *open sesame*; and I believe, that in the character of the *Sheriff's* friends, we might have counted on a hearty welcome under any roof in the Border country.'

"He met them at Melrose on the 19th, and escorted them through the Abbey, pointing out all its beauties, and pouring out his rich stores of history and tradition. They then dined and spent the evening together at the inn; but Miss Wordsworth observed that there was some difficulty about arranging matters for the night, 'the landlady refusing to settle any thing until he had ascertained from the *Sheriff himself* that he had no objection to sleep in the same room with *William*.' Scott was thus far on his way to the Circuit Court at Jedburgh, in the capacity of Sheriff, and there his new friends again joined him; but he begged that they would not enter the court, 'for,' said he, 'I really would not like you to see the sort of figure I cut there.' They did see him casually, however, in his cocked hat and sword, marching in the Judge's procession to the sound of one cracked trumpet, and were then not surprised that he should have been a little ashamed of the whole ceremonial. He introduced to them his friend William Laidlaw, who was attending the court as a juryman, and who, having read some of Wordsworth's verses in a newspaper, was exceedingly anxious to be of the party, when they explored at leisure, all the law-business being over, the beautiful valley of the Jed, and the ruins of the Castle of Fernieherst, the original fastness of the noble family of Lothian. The grove of stately elms about and below the ruin was seen to great advantage in a fine, grey, breezy autumnal afternoon; and Mr. Wordsworth happened to say, 'What life there is in trees!' —'How different,' said Scott, 'was the feeling of a very intelligent young lady, born and bred in the Orkney Islands, who lately came to spend a season in this neighbourhood! She told me nothing in the mainland scenery had so much disappointed her as woods and trees. She found them so dead and lifeless, that she could never help pining after the eternal motion and variety of the ocean. And so back she has gone, and I believe nothing will ever tempt her from the *wind swept Orcades* again.'

"Next day they all proceeded together up the Teviot or Hawick, Scott entertaining his friends with some legend or ballad connected with every tower or rock they passed. He made them stop for a little to admire particularly a scene of deep and solemn retirement, called *Horne's Pool*, from its having been the daily haunt of a contemplative schoolmaster, known to him in his youth; and at Kirkton, he pointed out the village schoolhouse, to which his friend Leyden had walked six or eight miles every day across the moors 'when a poor barefooted boy.' From Hawick, where they spent the night, he led them next morning to the brow of a hill, from which they could see a wide range of the Border mountains, Ruberslaw, the Carter, and the Cheviots; and lamented that neither their engagements nor his own would permit them to make at this time an excursion into the wilder glens of Liddesdale, 'where,' said he, 'I have strolled so often and so long, that I may say I have a home in every farm-house.' 'And, indeed,' adds Mr. Wordsworth, 'wherever we went with him, he seemed to know every body, and every body to know and like him.' Here they parted—the Wordsworths to pursue their journey homeward by Eskdale—he to return to Lasswade.

"The impression on Mr. Wordsworth's mind was, that on the whole he at-

tached much less importance to his literary labours or reputation than to his bodily sports, exercises, and social amusements; and yet he spoke of his profession as if he had already given up almost all hope of rising by it; and some allusion being made to its profits, observed that 'he was sure he could, if he chose, get more money than he should ever wish to have from the booksellers.'

"This confidence in his own literary resources appeared to Mr. Wordsworth remarkable—the more so, from the careless way in which its expression dropt from him. As to his despondence concerning the bar, I confess his *fee-book* indicates much less ground for such a feeling than I should have expected to discover there. His practice brought him, as we have seen, in the session of 1796–7, £144, 10s.: its proceeds fell down, in the first year of his married life, to £79, 17s.; but they rose again, in 1798–9, to £135, 9s.; amounted, in 1799–1800, to £129, 13s.—in 1800–1, to £170—in 1801–2, to £202, 12s.—and in session that had just elapsed (which is the last included in the record before me), to £228, 18s.

"On reaching his cottage in Westmoreland, Wordsworth addressed a letter to Scott, from which I must quote a few sentences. It is dated Grasmere, October 16, 1803.

"We had a delightful journey home, delightful weather, and a sweet country to travel through. We reached our little cottage in high spirits, and thankful to God for all his bounties. My wife and child were both well, and as I need not say, we had all of us a happy meeting. . . . We passed Braxholme—your Braxholme, we supposed—about four miles on this side of Hawick. It looks better in your poem than in its present realities. The situation, however, is delightful, and makes amends for an ordinary mansion. The whole of the Teviot and the pastoral steeps about Moss-paul pleased us exceedingly. The Esk below Langholme is a delicious river, and we saw it to great advantage. We did not omit noticing Johnnie Armstrong's keep; but his hanging place, to our great regret, we missed. We were, indeed, most truly sorry that we could not have you along with us into Westmoreland. The country was in its full glory—the verdure of the valleys, in which we are so much superior to you in Scotland, but little tarnished by the weather, and the trees putting on their most beautiful looks. My sister was quite enchanted, and we often said to each other, what a pity Mr. Scott is not with us! . . . I had the pleasure of seeing Coleridge and Southey at Keswick last Sunday. Southey, whom I never saw much of before, I liked much: he is very pleasant in his manner, and a man of great reading in old books, poetry, chronicles, memoirs, &c. &c., particularly Spanish and Portuguese. . . . My sister and I often talk of the happy days that we spent in your company. Such things do not occur often in life. If we live, we shall meet again; that is my consolation when I think of these things. Scotland and England sound like division, do what we can; but we really are but neighbours, and if you were no farther off, and in Yorkshire, we should think so. Farewell. God prosper you, and all that belongs to you. Your sincere friend, for such I will call myself, though slow to use a word of such solemn meaning to any one,

W. WORDSWORTH."

An Address on Temperance; by Wm. E. Channing. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.

This discourse was delivered by request of the Council of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, at the Odeon, Boston, on 28th February last—the day appointed for the meeting of "The friends of temperance throughout the world."

The address is bold and original in its views, and marked by a much higher philosophical spirit than generally characterizes such productions. It is the opinion of Dr. Channing, that the first and essential evil of temperance is the *voluntary extinction of reason*, and he very forcibly argues that the degradation and wretchedness consequent upon habitual debauchery are not to be compassionated—not the externals of misery—but the desecration and destruction of that

high attribute of reason which distinguishes a human being from a beast of the field. Eloquently and vigorously does this finished essayist set forth this view of his subject; and then, changing the character of his appeal, he brings good common sense to the aid of zeal, and shows that the society he addresses can hardly extinguish an evil except by previously creating a good. The march of intemperance may indeed be stayed, but the vice itself cannot be fairly eradicated except by the substitution of innocent amusement for its baneful excitement. We most heartily concur with the Reverend author of this discourse in the following views:—

“The first means which I shall suggest of placing a people beyond the temptations to intemperance, is to furnish them with the means of innocent pleasure. This topic, I apprehend, has not been sufficiently insisted on. I feel its importance, and propose to enlarge upon it, though some of the topics which I may introduce may seem to some hardly consistent with the gravity of this occasion. We ought not, however, to respect the claims of that gravity which prevents a faithful exposition of what may serve and improve our fellow creatures.

“I have said, a people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. By innocent pleasures, I mean such as excite moderately; such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh, instead of exhausting, the system; such as recur frequently, rather than continue long; such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and in spirit; such as we can partake in the presence and society of respectable friends; such as consist with and are favourable to a grateful piety; such as are chastened by self-respect, and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused. In every community there *must* be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent ones are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour; and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. France, especially before the Revolution, has been represented as a singularly temperate country; a fact to be explained, at least in part, by the constitutional cheerfulness of that people, and by the prevalence of simple and innocent gratifications, especially among the peasantry. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community. A gloomy state of society, in which there are few innocent recreations, may be expected to abound in drunkenness if opportunities are afforded. The savage drinks to excess because his hours of sobriety are dull and unvaried; because, in losing the consciousness of his condition and his existence, he loses little which he wishes to retain. The labouring classes are most exposed to intemperance because they have at present few other pleasurable excitements. A man who, after toil, has resources of blameless recreation, is less tempted than other men to seek self-oblivion. He has too many of the pleasures of a man to take up with those of a brute. Thus the encouragement of simple, innocent enjoyments is an important means of temperance.

“These remarks show the importance of encouraging the efforts, which have commenced among us, for spreading the accomplishment of Music through our whole community. It is now proposed that this shall be made a regular branch in our schools; and every friend of the people must wish success to the experiment. I am not now called to speak of all the good influences of music, particularly of the strength which it may and ought to give to the religious sentiment, and to all pure and generous emotions. Regarded merely as a refined pleasure, it has a favourable bearing on public morals. Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society, perhaps no one produces so much unmixed good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds? And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.

“Dancing is an amusement which has been discouraged in our country by

many of the best people, and not without reason. Dancing is associated in their minds with balls; and this is one of the worst forms of social pleasure. The time consumed in preparation for a ball, the waste of thought upon it, the extravagance of dress, the late hours, the exhaustion of strength, the exposure of health, and the languor of the succeeding day,—these and other evils, connected with this amusement, are strong reasons for banishing it from the community. But dancing ought not therefore to be proscribed. On the contrary, balls should be discouraged for this among other reasons, that dancing, instead of being a rare pleasure, requiring elaborate preparation, may become an every day amusement, and may mix with our common intercourse. This exercise is among the most healthful. The body as well as the mind feels its gladdening influence. No amusement seems more to have a foundation in our nature. The animation of youth naturally overflows in harmonious movements. The true idea of dancing entitles it to favour. Its end is, to realize perfect grace in motion; and who does not know that a sense of the graceful is one of the higher faculties of our nature? It is to be desired that dancing should become too common among us to be made the object of special preparations as in the ball; that members of the same family, when confined by unfavourable weather, should recur to it for exercise and exhilaration; that branches of the same family should enliven in this way their occasional meetings; that it should fill up an hour in all the assemblages for relaxation, in which the young form a part. It is to be desired, that this accomplishment should be extended to the labouring classes of society, not only as an innocent pleasure, but as a means of improving the manners. Why shall not gracefulness be spread through the whole community?—From the French nation, we learn that a degree of grace and refinement of manners may pervade all classes. The philanthropist and Christian must desire to break down the partition walls between human beings in different conditions; and one means of doing this is, to remove the conscious awkwardness, which confinement to laborious occupations is apt to induce. An accomplishment, giving free and graceful movement, though a far weaker bond than intellectual or moral culture, still does something to bring those who partake it, near each other."

"I approach another subject, on which a greater variety of opinion exists than on the last, and that is, the Theatre. In its present state, the theatre deserves no encouragement. It has nourished intemperance and all vice. In saying this, I do not say that the amusement is, radically, essentially evil. I can conceive of a theatre, which would be the noblest of all amusements, and would take a high rank among the means of refining the taste and elevating the character of a people. The deep woes, the mighty and terrible passions, and the sublime emotions of genuine tragedy, are fitted to thrill us with human sympathies, with profound interest in our nature, with a consciousness of what man can do, and dare, and suffer, with an awed feeling of the fearful mysteries of life. The soul of the spectator is stirred from the depths: and the lethargy in which so many live, is roused, at least for a time, to some intenseness of thought and sensibility. The drama answers a high purpose when it places us in the presence of the most solemn and striking events of human history, and lays bare to us the human heart in its most powerful, appalling glorious workings. But how little does the theatre accomplish its end? How often is it disgraced by monstrous distortions of human nature, and still more disgraced by profaneness, coarseness, indelicacy, low wit, such as no woman, worthy of the name, can hear without a blush, and no man can take pleasure in without self-degradation. Is it possible that a Christian and a refined people can resort to theatres, where exhibitions of dancing are given fit only for brothels, and where the most licentious class in the community throng unconcealed to tempt and destroy? That the theatre should be suffered to exist in its present degradation is a reproach on the community. Were it to fall, a better drama might spring up in its place. In the mean time, is there not an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us? I mean, Recitation.—A work of genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm, and powers of elocution, is a very pure and high gratification. Were this art cultivated and encouraged, great numbers now insensible to the most beautiful compositions might be waked up to their excellence and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way of spreading a refined taste through a community. The drama, undoubtedly, appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation; but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakspeare, worthily recited, would be better understood than on the stage. Then, in recitation we escape the weariness of

listening to poor performers, who, after all, fill up most of the time at the theatre. Recitation, sufficiently varied so as to include pieces of chaste wit as well as of pathos, beauty, and sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls below it. Should this exhibition be introduced among us successfully, the result would be, that the power of recitation would be extensively called forth, and this would be added to our social and domestic pleasures.

"I have spoken in this discourse of intellectual culture, as a defence against intemperance, by giving force and elevation to the mind. It also does great good as a source of amusement; and on this ground should be spread through the community. A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Every thing may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse and brutal pleasure. How many young men can be found in this city, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven, in the long dull evenings in winter, to haunts of intemperance and depraving society. It is one of the good signs of the times, that lectures on literature and science are taking their places among other public amusements, and attract even more than theatres. This is one of the first fruits of our present intellectual culture. What a harvest may we hope for from its wider diffusion?"

"In these remarks I have insisted on the importance of increasing innocent gratifications in a community. Let us become a more cheerful, and we shall become a more temperate people."

The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. from a variety of original sources; by James Prior. Philadelphia. E. L. Carey and A. Hart, 1837.

THIS book is interesting, because it treats of Oliver Goldsmith, not because the author has shown any remarkable ability in the management of his subject, or made any important additions to what was previously known of him. Mr. Prior is evidently a man of great worth and much good sense, and deserves high commendation for the diligence with which he has collected his materials (for literary industry should never go unpraised;) but he is not an original thinker or a vigorous writer, and occasionally indulges himself in what an ill-natured critic would call twaddle, for which we know of no better definition than is contained in two lines of our friend Holmes's inimitable verses "To an Insect,"

"Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."

He dwells too long upon trifles, and devotes many paragraphs to the settling of some controverted point not worth a button, after all. We seek in vain for that acuteness of observation, and vein of philosophical criticism which our times exact from literary biographers. Still, it is a book which will have a permanent value, as containing every fact, which the most devoted diligence could collect, in the life of Oliver Goldsmith,—a name, in English literature, which has hardly yet received its due honour. Little or nothing has been left to be gleaned by the industry of future collectors. The bills of his tailor and landlady, his receipts for money, his contracts with his booksellers, are all spread before us; and we learn from an investigation of Mr. Filby's books, the very day on which he wore, for the first time, the "bloom-coloured coat," immortalized by Boswell.

It is a book which cannot be read without sadness. It is the record of the life

of a man of fine genius, free from any taint of selfishness, of the warmest affections and most generous impulses; yet, from the want of a strong moral sense and manly energy of will, perpetually steeped in perplexities and embarrassments; and not only that, but thereby prevented from doing justice to his own powers, except in a most limited and imperfect degree. His life was spent in haggling with booksellers and scribbling for his daily bread; and he who in his golden moments could create the "Traveller" and the "Vicar of Wakefield," was, by his dissipated habits and want of thrift, doomed to devote his days and nights to the drudgery of a Grub-street garretter. Mr. Prior has given us, with a painful degree of minuteness, the details of his anxious and uncertain life, alternating between the exhausting toil of mechanical composition and the unsatisfactory relaxations of the tavern and the club. When we consider the amount of his labours, and the depressing circumstances under which they were performed, we cannot but admire his industry, a quality for which he has hardly had his due share of credit; and no one can help lamenting that untoward circumstances and his own imprudences kept him ever so far from that pecuniary independence which is so essential to happiness and to the full development of genius.

We are disposed to agree fully with Mr. Prior in his estimate of Goldsmith's genius. He was an admirable writer in prose and verse; and for ease, grace, and simplicity has never been surpassed. His *Vicar of Wakefield* has never been equalled, and is a work of transcendent merit. Let it be remembered that he died at the age of forty-five, and that the greater part of his short life was consumed in scribbling for his daily bread. What a different reputation would his illustrious contemporary, Dr. Johnson, have had, had he died at forty-five, he, whose "*Lives of the Poets*," (his best work,) were not written till he was over sixty, and not till after he had long basked in the beams of royal favour, in the shape of a comfortable pension, which exempted him from those ills, (to which his poor friend was always exposed,) which he has so vividly described in his pregnant line

"Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

For a Philadelphia book, this reprint is quite respectable in its appearance; but the errors of the press are inexcusably frequent, and can arise only from a pitiful meanness which refuses a just compensation to a competent proof-reader, or from an eager haste to get out the book before other rivals, which leaves no time for correction.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Panic—the Pressure—or whatever we may choose to call the convulsion now shaking the whole body politic throughout the country—has not been so dreadful in its effects in Philadelphia as in some of our less happy cities. The failures here have not yet exceeded twelve or fourteen in number, and our business men indulge a hope of weathering the storm without further loss.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

AMERICAN LYCEUM. MAY 5th, 1837.

THE American Lyceum, at their Sixth Annual Meeting, adopted a resolution to celebrate the seventh anniversary in the city of Philadelphia; and authorized their executive committee to appoint a committee of arrangements to carry that resolution into effect. Such steps have been taken, that the Society now assembles for the first time in this city, so distinguished for the number, ability, and zeal of the friends of knowledge whom it counts among its citizens, as well as for the institutions and associations which they have founded, cherished, and sustained.

When the proposition was made so to alter the Constitution of the American Lyceum as to permit the annual meetings to be held out of New-York, to which city the public operations of the Society had been confined during the five years of its existence, the members and officers were struck with the propriety of thus acquainting their intelligent countrymen in other places with their objects, plans, and operations; not doubting that they should obtain the efficient co-operation, as well as the hearty approbation, of those who might thus have an opportunity to become acquainted with them; and the executive committee look with peculiar interest and lively hope to the results of this the first experiment made by the Lyceum to solicit, in person, that general support which alone can bring its plan to the proper test.

The American Lyceum was formed in New-York in May, 1831, by delegates appointed by several state and local societies, and friends of education, at the invitation of the Lyceum of that state; and is designed to perform, on a large scale, for the country, what a local lyceum performs for the city, village, or neighbourhood in which it is established. That this may be the better apprehended by those not familiar with associations of the kind, or who may not understand the application of the term, Lyceum, which, indeed, is used in a broad sense, it may be proper to remark, that a local lyceum is a voluntary association for intellectual improvement. A voluntary association for *mutual* intellectual improvement is a definition which would describe more minutely a large proportion of the societies which bear the name; but there are some whose plans embrace a wide sphere of operation, and aim at the benefit of individuals or classes not comprised in their number. When we use the term lyceum, therefore, we may speak of a literary club of almost any description, a literary association, or a society for debate or lectures; and to these objects may be added literary contributors or correspondents, exertions for the popular diffusion of the arts or sciences, the improvement of taste by the embellishment of village scenery, rural architecture, or the promotion of education in schools. A great variety of plans and objects is rendered necessary by the variety of circumstances in different places and classes of persons; and it is very evident, that in our country every friend of popular improvement should be at liberty to select such means as may be most easily and cheaply applied with the best prospects of extensive and permanent benefit.

In our country we enjoy peculiar advantages for the diffusion of knowledge; and the indispensable importance of general instruction to our highest national interests, is admitted by so many of our best citizens, that nothing but good plans of operation seem wanting, in order to procure an extensive and powerful exer-

tion in its favour, and the accomplishment of much of the good which is so ardently to be desired. Many enlightened and philanthropic men have submitted projects of improvement to their fellow-citizens of the states and the Union; and in some parts of the country, liberal appropriations have been made for the support of schools, academies, and colleges: but there appears to be a want of assistants of one class, which as yet exists only on a small and inadequate scale—a class of *ardent, persevering, and gratuitous* superintendents of education, in districts around them, where they can apply such time as they have at their disposal to the greatest advantage. Such labourers we see engaged in other philanthropic enterprizes with energy and success; and nothing, probably, is necessary to obtain an army of volunteers enlisted for the improvement of schools, and the promotion and support of lyceums, but the force of example and the repeated representation of their usefulness and feasibility.

In evidence of this, we may invite some of the members of this audience to reflect upon their own experience, and inquire of them, whether there was not a time when they entertained doubts of the possibility of effecting what they now perceive to be easily practicable, and whether they were not once too diffident to attempt what they are now engaged in accomplishing with gratifying success. The managers and members of the Pennsylvania Lyceum particularly, and other lyceums in this city, may be appealed to with confidence to give an affirmative answer to these questions. The audience are referred to the reports of those societies for some of the details of their operations; and other concurrent evidence of a similar nature will be presented, in the form of reports, of more distant associations. It is to be feared, however, that many such reports, which we had reason to expect would be laid before the present meeting, may not be transmitted, or may not arrive in time. The peculiar state of the country may partly account for the silence of some of our auxiliaries; but it is to be hoped that some of their reports may be received in season to be published by the executive committee.

It has ever been a source of satisfaction to know, even when the smallest number of lyceums responded to our calls for information, and when the reports from individuals engaged in the promotion of intellectual improvements were the most few and limited, that much had actually been done and was still doing. It is to be feared that it will be long before all, or even the greater part, of those intellectual enterprizes which are going on in our country will be regularly and fully reported at the annual meetings of the Society. This, indeed, the Lyceum desires to accomplish; this was from the first proposed as one of the objects in the constitution; and this it is certainly very proper to keep continually in view; but we cannot expect to see it entirely compassed until a material improvement shall have taken place in the views of our countrymen. Such an end, however, is doubtless highly desirable; and towards its attainment our society has done something, and labours to do much more.

It is to be borne in mind that great and serious obstacles oppose the attainment of some of the objects of the American Lyceum; and we may pause a moment to notice the difficulties which we have had to encounter in our endeavours to establish that extensive system of co-operation at our annual meetings which is contemplated by the constitution. We should naturally desire to see present on these anniversaries the most interested, intelligent, and active members of local lyceums, the directors of literary institutions, the editors of our publications on education, and those statesmen who have most influence in devising or executing laws for its promotion. But these individuals are generally found to have appropriated all their spare time, and often all the means they are able to spare, to commence or to carry on some enterprize in their own towns, counties, or states. From correspondence and personal acquaintance, we know

that such is in many instances the fact. While, therefore, we have annually to lament the absence of many of those best qualified to instruct us by their experience, animate us by their zeal, and aid us by their counsels; we still find at these regular meetings of our Society, much to console us in the reflection, that although absent, they are labouring with us in those departments so necessary, so indispensable; and laying the foundations of a solid, extensive, and permanent interest in the mind and its great interests.

Another fact is to be taken in the account. Notwithstanding the great advantages which usually flow from associations for intellectual improvement, it is commonly a serious task to form them. When formed, they are in some instances easily restrained. Generally the principal difficulty lies at the outset, and this prevents the founding of many lyceums in places where the want of them is acknowledged, and by persons who might be looked to as their patrons. Similar difficulties stand in the way of every successive step in this system of combination and co-operation. Even after lyceums have been formed and conducted with success in a district or county, it requires active and persevering labour on the part of some one or more individuals to effect an occasional union of powers, or even to secure for a length of time a correspondence. It might be presumed, that persons who had become personally acquainted with the advantages of co-operation, would be prepared to extend their sphere, and eagerly grasp at those still in prospect.

But this, unfortunately, is not very often the fact; and we have not found that promptitude which could be desired, among local lyceums, to unite and form county lyceums; or among the latter, to form state lyceums; or among those of all classes, to send their delegates and reports to other annual meetings of the American Lyceum. Nor have they been very ready to forward approved essays, the fruits of their labours, for extensive and gratuitous publication, which is one of the projects formerly presented; or to send collections of minerals, plants, &c., to exchange for mutual benefit; or to co-operate with all desirable zeal and constancy for the further extension of those benefits which they have secured within their own particular spheres.

It can hardly be doubted, however, that whenever the general society shall send out well qualified agents to visit different parts of the country, explain our objects, and make known the ways in which local lyceums can enter into co-operation with us, these difficulties will begin to give way. The presence of such an agent would doubtless redouble the zeal, awaken the hopes, and facilitate as well as direct the exertions of our friends in all places which he should visit. He would bear to them the living evidence, to every co-operator in such a cause so gratifying, that the number of their fellow-labourers for the intellectual and moral improvement of their country is far greater than they had known it to be; that the objects they have undertaken to promote are approved by others; that many, in different parts of our land, have put their most open and decided seal of approbation on such designs and labours, such disinterestedness and perseverance, by devoting themselves to similar enterprizes. At the same time they would derive from the agents the instructive result of experience, and be taught how to apply their powers and resources in new forms, and with new hopes.

There is every reason to believe that such an agent, proceeding from this society, would receive a hearty welcome in every part of the country. Experiments gratuitously made, though on a limited scale and in an imperfect manner, by some of the members of the executive committee at different periods, have shown that much might be expected from a regular and systematic plan of operations. However slow many, even of the most energetic and successful promoters of local lyceums may be to appreciate the advantages or probable

success of more extensive co-operation, they are all predisposed to favour any promising undertaking of the kind ; for those who have once really tasted the pleasures of disinterested and successful efforts for the good of others, have acquired a keener relish for them than common men ; and, such is now the happy state of our country, that individuals of this description, in all classes and circumstances, may be found in almost every village and hamlet, who, in one form or another, have known from experience something of the luxury of doing good.

There are those in our country who meditate plans useful to distant nations, and wish to spend their days in instructing the inhabitants of foreign lands. What favourable opportunities might they often find to fit themselves for usefulness abroad, if they would begin by seeking out the ignorant around them, and thus assist us in diffusing education more universally in a part of the world which seems destined to shed light on other regions, and is therefore, doubtless, bound to become luminous herself ?

Surely, society around us presents an interesting and attractive scene, when we reflect that there is scarcely an ignorant adult who is not capable of being improved by the instruction or the example of others, and, in fact, desirous of being taught ; while a whole generation of smiling children surround us, alike ready to receive from us whatever we have to impart ! It is, however, an important truth, and one worthy to be borne constantly in mind, that there is one condition under which such communications are to be made—viz., in such form, manner, and degree, with such circumstances and associations, as the nature of the human mind and character require. A friend of education, as early as possible, must bring himself to such a state of submission to the laws of nature and the real interests of others, that he shall not wish to compel every one to prefer his own favourite topic, or form of teaching, or plan of co-operation. By opposing the nature of the mind around us, we can accomplish little ; by regarding them, we can do much, especially if we also endeavour to avail ourselves of existing circumstances.

Of this important principle the American Lyceum has endeavoured to avail itself. Having found that some of its first plans of operation were not likely to prove successful without funds and with few active labourers, new ones have been devised, and often with better success. Hence the varied aspects which our assembly wears at different hours in the course of the annual meetings. We pass from the reading of reports on lyceums and schools, to discussions and lectures. We pass from accounts of what has been done around us the past year, to the letters sent us by friends abroad. If every thing presented by others is not strictly within our own sphere, it is encouraging to learn that friends of knowledge and virtue, far and near, are animated by feelings like ours, and labouring with equal or superior zeal in different spheres. While we are more humbly engaged in laying deep and broad foundations for primary and popular education, it is well for us to know that others are preparing for the superstructure ; and to perceive that hands are ready to crown our work with firm and lofty walls,—just, symmetrical, and polished decorations.

The correspondence of the past year, which is conducted under the authority of the executive committee in New-York, has been as laborious as in any previous twelvemonth since the formation of the society ; and in private interviews with friends of education from different parts of the Union and some foreign countries, interesting facts have been obtained which it would be desirable to present, in a digested form, to our countrymen, if the Lyceum could command the funds necessary to arrange and publish them. In the present state of the treasury, however, several of the projects which have been meditated by the executive committee, must necessarily remain unexecuted.

The present is a period when the interests of common education seem to re-

quire particular attention from our intelligent men: for the distribution of the surplus revenue has placed at the disposal of the states money which will be by some of them appropriated to this important object. As yet no views have been presented on the manner of appropriation: so that there is reason to fear that, in some instances at least, but little good will be done, if not positive evil. The executive committee became convinced that this was a subject of great practical importance; and therefore agreed to propose the following question as the first to be submitted to the Lyceum for debate at the seventh annual meeting: "What principles ought to be regarded by a state in the distribution of its share of the surplus revenue for the support of common education?"

In the legislature of Massachusetts an exertion has been made to procure a liberal appropriation for the establishment of a seminary for teachers on a scale appropriate to the importance of the object. We regret, however, to perceive that there is no prospect of the immediate establishment of such an institution, on an elevated basis, in any part of our country. The public interests appear to need that the knowledge and influence of a few of the best qualified men should be engaged and devoted to digest a plan of common education, in all its details, with sufficient means at their disposal to put it in full operation. A plan of studies for teachers, with a system of instruction and discipline for schools, recommended by such authority, and with results exhibited by teachers trained by such men, would necessarily claim attention, and be speedily adopted and practised by others.

An example is needed—a great model, practical yet elevated, embracing the best principles of Europe, yet modified and improved for America—a system not formed at hazard as a mere novelty, but retaining all that is sound and just in present plans and methods; in short, an American stock, planted in our richest soil; watered, trained, and pruned by hands which have learnt double skill among the nurseries of our own and foreign lands.

It is with regret that we find none of our institutions engaged in maturing any system so enlightened and elevated as we could desire. Limited views and local habits in education seem to present obstacles to improvement in some places, while the want of an independent existence as teachers in seminaries, prevent the departments annexed to some of our colleges and academies from aiming at a high and leading rank. The eight academies of New-York, designated by law two or three years since to receive the addition of teachers' departments, appear to be doing a limited amount of good in that branch—about as much as was anticipated in our last report. According to the superintendents, only about one hundred teachers received any instruction in them, and many of these attended but for a few weeks.

With respect to our foreign correspondence, it was gratifying to learn, some time after the adjournment of the sixth annual meeting, that the communication on Education in Sweden, promised by Mr. Arfwedsen, a native of that country, and now American consul at Stockholm, had been several months in the United States, though accidentally delayed in reaching the executive committee. It has since been printed; but, with several other productions furnished by different friends, has not been as extensively circulated as its merits deserve.

Gen. Santander, late President of New Granada, the most advanced of the South American republics, continues occasionally his correspondence. A late letter from him informs us, that their system of common and superior education is progressing at equal rate with some other branches of improvement; and that a beginning has been made with Sabbath Schools, which the state of that country promises to render of peculiar importance in some points of view.

Publications have been recently received from Joaquim Mosquera, late vice-president of New Granada, which testify to the continuance of his zeal and la-

bours in favour of education in his country. Soon after leaving his office in the government, he was appointed rector of the university of Popayan, the city of his residence; and there, according to his resolution expressed while in this country, he perseveres in the laborious and responsible duties of an unpaid volunteer director of common schools to the utmost of his power.

Domestic afflictions have deprived us for some months past of the correspondence of Dr. Lleras of Bogota; but it appears from the papers, that he has published a translation of a valuable geographical work on Colombia, with additions; and this, as well as various other indications, show that steady progress is making in New Granada against the numerous obstacles which oppose the progress of intellectual improvement.

The government continue to receive official reports of the establishment of every new school, the public examinations of colleges, and other events of interest to education, even from the most remote and secluded places, where they from time to time transpire; and notices of all are published in the Gazette, in a manner well calculated to impress on the people a respect for learning and a desire to multiply its institutions. We occasionally find in them notices of individuals, of both clergy and laity, who have entered the schools as gratuitous teachers for different periods, in places where no funds were provided for their support. The Bogota Gazette of Dec. 4th, 1836, mentions, that professorships of Greek and English, and of literature and the fine arts, had been authorized in the college of Velez; and that Thomas Murray was appointed, at his own request, to supply them with at least one course of lectures gratuitously.

It is not impossible that this interesting feature of education in New Granada may be due, in part at least, to the noble example of Mr. Mosquera and a few of his friends, who, some years since, when the university of Popayan was about to be closed in consequence of the losses and calamities attending the war of Independence, volunteered to perform the duties of professors *gratuitously*; and thus, by their unpaid labours, sustained the institution, and enabled many of the youth to pursue their studies, while they gave a noble and valuable testimony to education, which it would be well if other men in other countries would properly appreciate. Shall we not notice such sacrifices to the public good, and become stimulated by them ourselves, especially when we see them made in an interior region of a long oppressed and benighted continent? When we hear of such testimony given in favour of education near the head waters of a South American river, among a people but just delivered from the bondage of Spain, and still but half freed from that of Rome, shall we not wish to draw forth the shining example from the valley of the Andes which it adorns, to hold it up to our own eyes and those of our countrymen?

But the names of some of those Spanish Americans who have for several years expressed an interest in the operations of the American Lyceum, and whose correspondence has enriched our publications with some of their most warm and philanthropic sentiments,—their names remind us of others, who were associated with them at our past anniversaries. The death of Mr. Velez of Havana, and of his countryman Gener, are mentioned in our two last annual reports; and this year we have to record with regret that of Don Antonio de Zavala, the author of an Essay on Education in Mexico, his native country, which was published among our transactions two or three years ago.

No man has ever risen in Spanish America who has adopted such strong, clear, and decided opinions in favour of republicanism in government, toleration in religion, liberality in policy, external and internal, opposition to foreign supremacy, spiritual as well as political, and patronage to arts, sciences, and universal education. No man has advocated them in the South with equal zeal, boldness, and perseverance; adhered to them under so great a variety of circum-

stances and dangers; or so promptly and cheerfully renounced station, honours, and friends when principles required the sacrifice. Few men, it is true, were ever taught in a more practical manner to prize liberty, civil and religious, a virtuous and intelligent community, than Mr. Zavala; who, after speaking with freedom of the claims of Mexico in the Cortez of Spain previously to the revolution, was welcomed, on landing in his own country, with chains and imprisonment for two years in the dungeons of Ulua, without trial and even without an open accusation. In all his writings and speeches, as governor of the state of Mexico, and as author of "Reflections on the Revolutions in the Mexican Republic," he gives frequent arguments and eulogiums on education with a force and beauty which leave us in doubt whether to admire the more his eloquence, his sentiments, or his spirit.

We would not forget the exertions of those friends of the country and of ourselves, who have held meetings or formed associations in behalf of our common cause, in different parts of the Union, since our anniversary, although not connected with us in our association. Conventions of teachers and friends of education have been held in different places, from which, it is to be hoped, some of our fellow members here present may be prepared to give us information. The Convention of teachers and others at Cincinnati, to which delegates were appointed at our 6th Annual Meeting, was held, and attended by a large number; but unfortunately our representatives were unable to be present. A Convention is to be held at Utica, New-York, on the 11th of the present month, for the purpose of forming a state society for the promotion of common education; and one of the leading objects proposed, is the support of active agents in the counties of that State. It is desirable that some of our number should, if possible, be present at that meeting.

The liberal public and private appropriations which continue to be made occasionally in different parts of the country for the benefit of education, show some gratifying evidences of a spirit which we hope to see more universally diffused. Among the donations which may most gratify us, is one of \$25,000 by Mr. Abner Jones of New-York, to found a professorship of vocal music in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of that city; the object of which is to cultivate the science and art of music among clergymen, as the first step towards their general diffusion, especially among the young. He had before given his labours gratuitously for several months to the occasional instruction of about 300 children in one of the New-York public schools in singing, as was mentioned in our last report.

A society has recently been formed in Boston, to which we must wish success—the American Physiological Society, whose object is to diffuse among our countrymen generally a knowledge of the human frame and the laws of health. The president, Dr. Alcott, has been for some years an active fellow-labourer with us in favour of education, and is now editor of the *Annals of Education*, the official journal of the Lyceum, as well as of other works devoted to the benefit of the rising generation. He has also had experience as a physician, and as a lecturer to the young on physiology; and being associated with men of a similar spirit, much benefit may be expected to flow from the new association. Experiment has proved that no branch of natural science is better adapted to attract the attention of the young, to excite their interest, and make useful practical impressions, than human physiology. If the society which has been named shall send out lecturers on that branch, as it proposes to do, it cannot be doubted that they will render material service to the country.

The American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was formed in the city of New-York the past year, for noble objects, and on a plan of liberality which, if it does not prove too extensive to be carried into successful operation,

will go far to satisfy the wishes of every friend of popular intellectual improvement. Many of our intelligent, virtuous, and influential fellow-citizens have expressed their decided approbation of its objects and hearty wishes for its success; while some have been found ready to make liberal offers of pecuniary assistance to the association when it shall commence operations, which will tend to counteract the impure currents of the American press just in proportion to the extent of its patronage and resources.

We continue occasionally to meet with friends of education from abroad engaged in visiting our institutions; and every year have reason to renew our regrets that we have still nothing like a national system, or even national principles of common education, to present to their view. The arrival of every such visiter should stimulate us to new exertions; as it is calculated to remind us of what improvements we may reasonably be expected to make, with all the advantages which we possess, all the inducements we have, and all the dangers which threaten us if we longer delay.

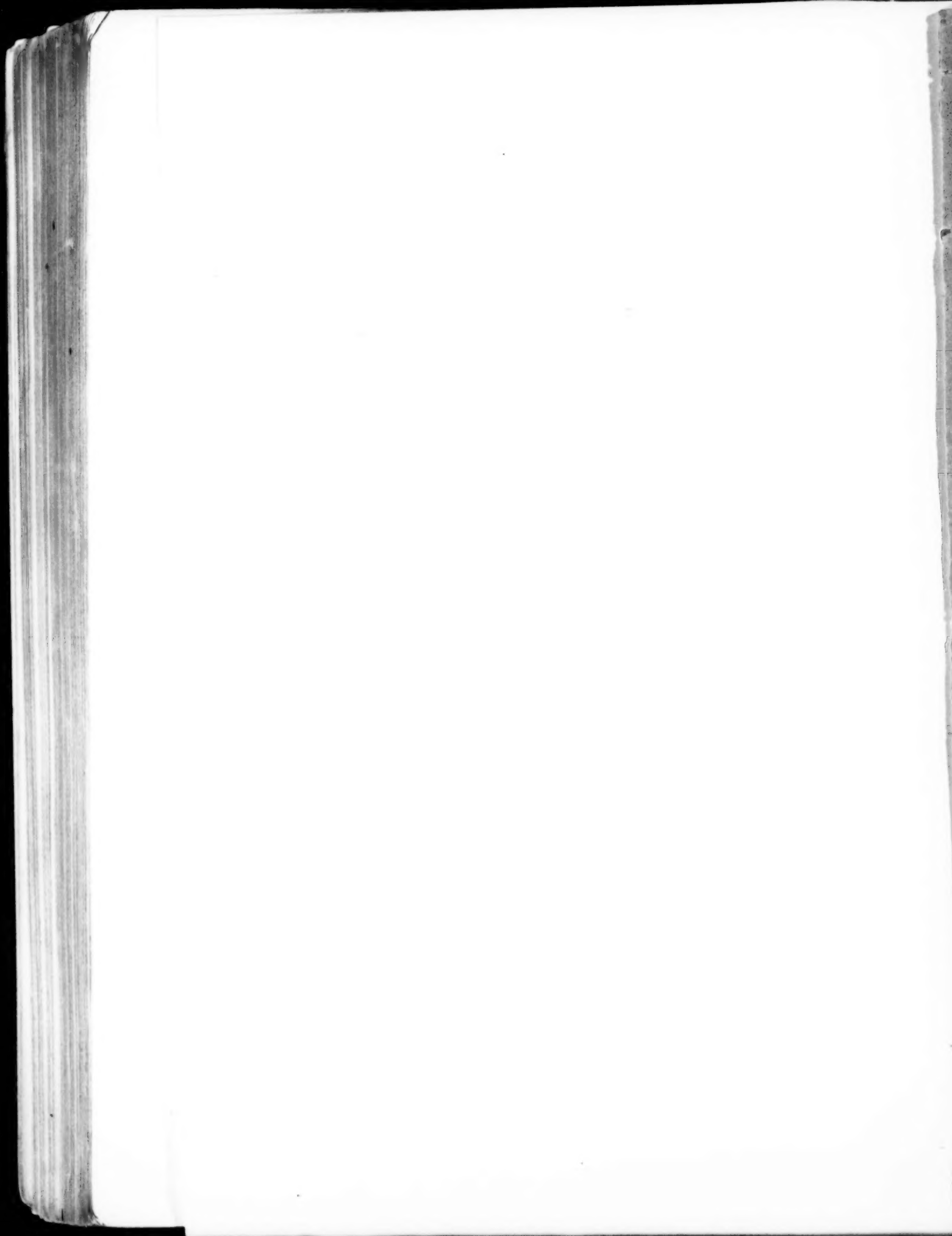
The secretary of a very respectable school in London, on a recent tour of visitation among the schools of some parts of our country, favoured the teachers and others with lectures, in which he developed the principles pursued in the institution which he superintends; and impressed not a few, it is believed, with the importance of introducing more of the *Interrogative system* in American schools. The Lyceum are under obligations to him for several pamphlets relating to the plan and operations of two or three large London institutions.

From information which will be laid before the Lyceum at the present seventh annual meeting, the members will learn, with pleasure, of the continued progress of some of our most important and flourishing auxiliaries, as well as of some whose operations are on a less prominent scale, though their spheres are still of real and very deep interest, because they deal either with the young or with persons whose occupations in a degree deny them other opportunities for self-instructions. And how gratifying it is, after a season like the past, spent in wild dissipation by some, in the highest frivolities of fashionable life by many, and by others still partly in the excitement of pecuniary gain, and partly amidst the apprehensions or realities of pecuniary distress, how gratifying to learn, from facts before our eyes, that there have been those, who in the midst of their associates of the lyceums, have been tasting of calmer pleasures, less dangerous and less perishable; and that so many are now able to meet us from afar, and bear witness to the happy influences of intellectual pursuits on the character and condition of individuals and of society.

We would welcome them all, as friends who have learnt how to appreciate their toils and labours, by contesting with such obstacles and discouragements as they have encountered. We would desire to extend to them such agreeable reflections, such new hopes and encouragements as we ourselves enjoy from their gratifying and consoling presence in this place on this occasion. May we not all recal, with warm interest, that however few our numbers compared with what we might desire, however much we may have seen our favourite objects slighted by many since we last met, it is not a subject of mere self-interest, or of factitious or transitory importance, to which we have devoted our exertions; that every step in which we have been successful, is a point of consequence gained; and that our labours, however humble, are directed at the lasting benefit of others, of our country, and of mankind.

THEODORE DWIGHT, Jr.

Corres. Sec. of the American Lyceum.



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THE

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PROSPECTUS.

On the first of January will be published the first number of the ninth volume of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. This will commence the second year of "*The New Series of the American Monthly*." One year has passed since, by the union of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE with this well-established periodical, the resources of a publication which had previously absorbed those of the *American Monthly Review* and of the *United States Magazine*, were all concentrated in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE; giving at once so broad a basis to the work as to stamp its *National* character and ensure its permanency. The number of pages, which have each month exceeded one hundred, was at the same time increased; to make room for the additional supply of original matter; and each number of the work throughout the year has been ornamented with an engraving, executed by the first artists in the country. How far the literary contents of the Magazine have kept pace with these secondary improvements the public are the best judges. The aim of the proprietors has been, from the first, to establish a periodical which should have a tone and character of its own; and which, while rendered sufficiently amusing to ensure its circulation, should ever keep for its main object the promotion of good taste, and sound, vigorous, and fearless thinking, upon whatever subject it undertook to discuss; which, in a word, should make its way into public favour, and establish its claims to consideration, rather by what should be found in its pages than by any eclat which the names of popular contributors, or the dissemination of laudatory paragraphs, could confer. Nor has the *American Monthly* had any reason to regret having adopted and followed out the course prescribed to itself from the first. It has, indeed, lost both contributors and subscribers by the tone of some of its papers; but by the more enlightened, who have judged of the tendency of the work in the aggregate and not by its occasional difference of opinion with themselves, it has been sustained with spirit and liberality. It has been enabled to emerge from infancy and dependance upon extrinsic circumstance; and the quickening power of many minds, labouring successively or in unison, has infused vitality into the creation while shaping it into form, until now it has a living principle of its own. It has become something, it is hoped, which "the world would not willingly let die."

But though the subscription list of the *American Monthly* has enlarged with the publication of every number during the last year, it is not yet sufficiently full to justify the publishers in carrying into effect their plan of *liberally* compensating both the regular contributors and every writer that furnishes a casual paper to the work. Nor until literary labour in every department of a periodical is adequately thus rewarded, can it fully sustain or merit the character which an occasional article from a well-paid popular pen may give it. If these views be just, there is no impertinence in appealing here to the public to assist in furthering them by promoting the prosperity of the *American Monthly Magazine*.

The work, which is under the editorial charge of C. F. HOFFMAN, and PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., will continue to be published simultaneously on the first of every month: in New-York by George Dearborn & Co.; in Boston by Otis, Broaders, & Co. Communications received at the Office, No. 38 Gold Street, New-York.

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